

---

THE  
MONTHLY  
AMUSEMENT.

NUMB. II.  
For *MAY*, 1709.

---

the  
e  
e  
of  
at  
s,  
a  
te.

THE  
MONTHLY  
AMUSEMENT.

IN M.D. II.  
FOR M.V. 1709.

T

C

F

*Ir  
Nar*

*Incu*



LO  
C  
S

# The Misantrope.

A

## COMEDY.

---

From the *French* of Monsieur  
DE MOLIERE.

---

*Iracundior est paulo, minus aptus acutis:  
Naribus horum Hominum. —*

*— At est bonus, at ingenium ingens:  
Inculto latet hoc sub Corpore. Horat.*

---



LONDON, Printed for D. Midwinter in *St. Paul's*  
Church-Yard, and B. Lintott in *Fleet-Street*: And  
Sold by J. Morphew near *Stationers-Hall*. Price. 1s.





# PREFACE.

**T**H<sup>O'</sup> that Variety of Thought and Humour which is usual in free Governments, has been generally observ'd to furnish the *English* Writers of Comedy with Advantages above those of any other Nation; yet since the Chief of them have not scrupl'd to borrow sometimes from *Moliere*, they have, by thus acknowledging his Merit, made it unnecessary to offer any Thing in excuse of the following Translation. In which the Original is follow'd as strictly as possible, which perhaps it must not have been, if intended for the Stage.

The *French Drama* is indeed very different from ours. Our Writers choosing to neglect the Mechanick Beauties, have commonly introduc'd more Persons than were necessary; divided the Action by  
Under-

## P R E F A C E.

Under-plots ; multiply'd the Incidents ; lengthen'd the Time beyond a due Proportion ; and shifted the Scene frequently in the same Act, and to very distant Places : Yet they shine wonderfully in the Dialogue and Raillery ; and, depending wholly on the Force and Spirit of their Writing, have thought it no Defect not to be esteem'd the most regular Builders.

The *French*, on the other Hand, chiefly valuing themselves upon Criticism, in which they are allow'd to excel, have been very regular in the Structure of their Plots : That of the following Comedy is form'd with an open Plainness, and Simplicity, which, when there is no Genius wanting in the Execution, has certainly a proper Grace. There are but Three Persons introduc'd in the First Act ; Two of 'em continue the whole Time. The Place is not chang'd throughout the whole Play ; and what they call the *Liaison des Scenes* is observ'd so strictly, that the Stage is not once left by all the Persons together, except at the End of an Act.

But these, it must be own'd, are Beauties of an inferior Rank. What makes this Piece much more considerable, is the remarkable Vein of good Sense and genteel Conversation

-john U

## P R E F A C E.

Conversation that runs thro' it, without any Mixture of low Humour; and especially the Part of *Alceste*, which one may almost venture to say wou'd have been spoil'd in any Hand but *Moliere's*. It requir'd a Judgment of the finest Distinction, to represent in such lively Colours the Infirmary of a Man of the justest Sense, who is always angry without Brutality, and a bold Speaker without Malice or ill Manners. There is besides, in this and the Part of *Celimene*, if I may be allow'd to borrow a Word from Painting, the finest Contrast, or Opposition of Character, that cou'd possibly have been invented. Her Wit, which is her only good Quality, needs a Pardon; while his Faults are beautiful; and that too great Severity of Taste which unfits him for the World, qualifies him to make the truest Reflections upon it imaginable: For which too the Poet has judiciously prepar'd him, by a Law Suit, to keep him constantly out of Humour, and shew him in the strongest Lights.

It is certain that the Author design'd this for the Entertainment of the better Sort of Judges; and he succeeded in it accordingly: For *Rapin*, the exactest

## P R E F A C E,

exactest Critick of his Nation, and who frequently treats his Country-men with the utmost Severity, declares, that in his Opinion the *Misanthrope* is the most finish'd, and yet the most singular Character that was ever brought upon the Stage. And the best of their Poets, *Boileau*, even when he censures *Moliere* for too much Humouring the People in some of his Farces, marks out this Comedy as a Model of the best kind.

*Dans ce Sac ridicule ou Scapin s'enveloppe  
Je ne reconnois plus l'Auteur du Misanthrope.*

On the other Hand, the Crowd of the Audience were very little Entertain'd at the first three Representations of it. They look'd for no Pleasure but the gross Diversion of Laughing, and were disappointed in meeting with something too refin'd for their Taste; so that at the fourth Time of its Acting, the Author was forc'd to give 'em what they lik'd better, one of his worst Farces at the End of it. By this Means however, they were brought to be acquainted with it by degrees, and had learn'd to like it so well, that the next

Time

## P R E F A C E.

Time there was no need of the Farce, but the *Misanthrope* was receiv'd with the general Applause of the Town, as it had before gain'd that of the Court and the best Judges.

And this may serve to excuse the Author's trifling a little in that short Scene at the End of the Fourth Act, where *Alceste's* Foot-man delivers a Message to his Master. The Saucy Pertness of a French Valet de Chambre may make it seem not unnatural; and the Lightness of the Humour was probably intended to relieve the Gravity of the Scene immediately preceding it.

When I mention'd the Difference between the French Stage and ours, I ought to have taken Notice that this Comedy is intirely written in Rhyme. But tho' Custom may have establish'd that Effeminate Practice among them, and *Moliere* has shewn a Facility in it which is indeed Wonderful, there was no Reason why it should be follow'd in a Translation. It was therefore thought a more likely Way of doing Justice to his Thoughts, to turn 'em into Prose with such

## P R E F A C E.

such an Air as shou'd appear more Natural for Dialogue and Conversation.

There is one thing which I hope every Reader will observe, that, notwithstanding the just Censure Dramatick Poetry has frequently incurr'd by the Looseness of some Writers, who in their Plays have transcrib'd their own Manners, there is nothing in this Comedy but what is Decent, Moral, and Instructive. I wish we had no Occasion to be taught by our Neighbours in this. But since we have often appear'd so fond of learning their Follies, why may we not without Offence, recommend the Imitation of their Vertues; And as our best Writers excell most of theirs in Wit, they may at a very cheap Rate, if they please, equal 'em in Regularity and Decorum.

THE

Na-  
ve-  
th-  
ick  
he  
in  
wn  
Co-  
nd  
on  
is.  
nd  
ve  
he  
ur  
t,  
y.  
e-

7  
t  
r  
e  
e  
e  
of  
at  
ts,  
n a  
te.



LE MISANTROPE

Pb

mo

Sig

leaf

hea



THE  
Misanthrope :  
OR  
M A N - H A T E R.

ACT I.

Scene, *Celimene's Lodgings.*

*Philintes and Alceste.*

*Phil.* **T**HE Matter then? — what  
ails you?

*Alceft.* Pray will you leave  
me.

*Phil.* Nay, but tell me, — what a Hu-  
mour —

*Alceft.* I fay leave me; be gone out o'my  
Sight.

*Phil.* Methinks you might hear one at  
least, without being Angry.

*Alceft.* I will be Angry, and I won't  
hear.

B

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Well, for my part, I can't comprehend you in your Splenetick Fits—And tho' you're my Friend, I must tell you—

*Alceft.* I your Friend? — pray cancel me that Name. 'Tis true, I've hitherto profess'd my self so: But after what I've just now discover'd in you, I tell you plainly I'm your Friend no longer—No—I'll have no share in a Corrupt Heart.

*Phil.* Then you think, *Alceftes*, that I am much to blame?

*Alceft.* To blame? — You ought to blush to Death. Such an Action admits no Excuse; and every honest Man must be Scandaliz'd at it. Did'n't I see you almost Stifle him with your Caresses, protest the last Tenderness for him, hug him with all the Transport of Oaths, Protestations, Vows — And when I ask'd who this Man of Merit was—you cou'd scarce tell me his Name; your Zeal for him was gone the Moment he left you; and you treated him to me with all the Contempt imaginable.—The Devil! 'Tis such a Base, Cowardly, Scandalous Thing! such a Prostitution! such a Betraying one's Soul! — And for my Part, cou'd I have been such a Wretch as to wrong my Conscience so, I shou'd hang my self for Shame the next Minute.

*Phil.* Troth, I can't think it such a Hanging-matter; and you must Pardon me,

me, if, notwithstanding your Sentence, I shew a little Tenderness to my own dear Person; and make bold, with Submission, not to hang my self.

*Alcest.* Pox o' your awkward Jestings!

*Phil.* But seriously, what wou'd you have a Man do?—

*Alcest.* Do? — be sincere, and do as every honest Man shou'd; say nothing but what comes from his Heart.

*Phil.* But when a Person runs to embrace you with Rapture, why shou'd not you repay him in the same Coin; return his Ardour; give him Offer for Offer, and Oath for Oath?

*Alcest.* No; I detest that sneaking Way which your Men of Fashion affect; and nothing is to me so nauseous as the Grimace and Cant of your great Protesters, those affable, frivolous, Embracing Rascals; those obliging Speech-makers about nothing, that confound all Civilities, and treat a Man of Merit and a Block-head with the same Air. What are you the better for the Caresses of a Man who having Sworn all the Friendship, Zeal, Esteem and Affection for you imaginable, and harangu'd you with a glorious Encomium on your own Perfections, runs immediately and does the very same to the next Scoundrel he meets? No, — He must have a pitiful Soul that cou'd like such

prostituted Esteem ; The noblest looses its Relish, the Moment we find our selves rank'd with all the World. In short, Esteem must be founded on Preference ; and to esteem every body, is to esteem no body. Therefore Sir, since you're pleas'd to swim with the Current of these Rascally Times — I've done with you, d'ye see ; I throw you back your lavish Complaisance that makes no Distinctions : — I'll be distinguish'd ; and to end all in a Word — A Friend to Mankind is not a Friend for me.

*Phil.* But Custom obliges us, while we live in the World, to pay some outward Civilities.

*Alceft.* I deny it. We shou'd for ever banish this Scandalous Trade of counterfeit Friendships. I wou'd have every one be a Man, and let his Heart always appear in his Discourse. Let the Man himself speak, and never masque his Thoughts under empty Compliments.

*Phil.* But there are a thousand Occasions in which an absolute Freedom wou'd be ridiculous and insufferable ; And — begging Pardon of your Austerity — I say, 'tis good to conceal what's in one's Heart. Where wou'd be the Sense, for God's sake, or Decorum, to tell a thousand People what you think of 'em ? And, if I meet with one I hate or despise, must I needs acquaint him with it presently ?

*Alceft.* Yes.

*Phil.*

*Phil.* How? — You'd tell old *Emilia*, I warrant you, that to set up for Beauty at her Age is Monstrous? and that her Painting is a Scandal to the whole Town?

*Alcest.* Most certainly.

*Phil.* And *Dorilas*, that he's a troublesome coxcomb, and that there is not an Ear at Court which he has'nt tir'd over and over with the Boasts of his Bravery and of the Splendor of his Race?

*Alcest.* Very right.

*Phil.* Why sure you are not in earnest?

*Alcest.* I am in earnest. I'm too much shock'd, to give Quarter to any Body. The Court, the City, afford nothing but Objects to provoke one's Spleen. It fills me with all the Distaste and Chagrin in the World, to see at what Rate Men lead their Lives. Nothing to be found every where, but base Flattery, Injustice, Self-Interest, Treachery and Cheating! — S'Death! I can't bear it; I'm out of all Patience; and I have taken up a Resolution to Stem the Tide against all Mankind.

*Phil.* Phoo — 'tis too Savage, your splenetick Philosophy. I can't forbear laughing when I see you in your dark Fits; and methinks you and I who were brought up together, are for all the World like the two Brothers, Igad, in *Moliere's* \* Play, that —

---

\* *L' Ecole des Maris.*

*Alcest.* Confound your dull Comparisons.

*Phil.* No but seriously; let me advise you to leave your eternal Wrangling — D'ye think you'll mend the World by 't? No — And since you adore Freedom so much, I'll be very free with you; and tell you, that this Disease of yours furnishes nothing but Mirth wherever you go; and that in short, such furious Transports against the Manners of the Age, have turn'd you into Ridicule among a great many People.

*Alcest.* So much the better, — Gadzooks, so much the better; — 'tis a good Sign, and I rejoyce at it heartily. I think all Men so very odious and intolerable, that I shou'd never forgive my self the Shame of being thought Wise by 'em.

*Phil.* You with very ill to human Nature.

*Alcest.* I do, I have the utmost Aversion for it.

*Phil.* What, for all poor Mortals without exception? Is there Nothing good in the present Age?

*Alcest.* No, — I hate all Men; Some for being wicked, and the rest for being complaisant to 'em, and for not expressing that vigorous and noble Hatred which Vice ought to raise in every vertuous Soul. And for an Instance of this unjust and excessive Complaisance, see how much of it is bestow'd on the Villain that's at Law with

with me ! You discover plainly the Traitor in spight of his *Masque*, and he's every where as notorious as possible. His rowling Eyes and soft Whine impose only on Strangers. 'Tis known how this Varlet that deserves Hanging has thrust himself into the World by the most scandalous Employments ; to which he owes all that Splendor of Fortune, which makes Merit cry shame, and Vertue blush. Whatever vile Names he's every where loaded with, his miserable Reputation has not one Advocate so shameless as to defend it. Call him Cheat, Rogue, cursed Villain --- all the World joyns in it *nemine contradicente*. And yet --- his Grimace is every where welcome ; People entertain him ; laugh at his Jest ; He worms himself into all Company ; And if there's any Party-Cause, or Place to be contended for, he carries it against the best Man i'the World. Death o'the Devil ! --- These are mortal Wounds to me ; I can't live and see Vice treated with Ceremony. --- And in short, I'm almost ready to fly into some Defart, and Abdicate all human kind.

*Phil.* Lord ! What need we be in such Pain about the Manners of the Age ? let's be a little more favourable to Humane Nature, not examine it with such extreme Severity, but view its Faults at least with some Tenderness.

derness. We shou'd have, while we are in the World, a Vertue that is conversable ; Wisdom it self may betray us into a Fault ; perfect Reason flies Extreame, and requires us to be wise with Temper. That inflexible Stiffness of the old Vertue, clashes too much with Custom and the present Age : It exacts from mortal Men too exalted a Perfection : one must bend a little to the Times ; and to set up for a Corrector of the World, is as great a piece of Folly as any. I observe every Day, as well as you, a hundred things that wou'd be better in another Course ; but tho' I am not blind to 'em, you never see me in a Rage, as you are. I am content to take Men as they are ; I practice my self to bear with their Actions, and I believe that at Court as well as in the City, my Phlegm is as good Philosophy as your Coler.

*Alesth.* But this Phlegm, that is so fine a Reasoner, is it never to be provok'd ? Suppose you happen to be betray'd by a Friend, or there's a Trick plaid to get your Estate, or villainous Reports are given out against you, can you suffer all this without being in a Passion ?

*Phil.* Yes ; those Faults which put you into a Ferment, I look upon as Vices incorporate with Human Nature ; And in short, I am no more discompos'd to see a  
Man



Man that's a Cheat, that's Unjust, or Designing; than to see a Vulture ravenous after Prey, a Monkey doing Mischief, or a Wolf full of Rage and Fierceness.

*Alcest.* Very well! I shall see my self betray'd, robb'd, tore to Pieces, and yet not—S'death! I'll say no more on't, 'tis a Reasoning so full of Impertinence.

*Phil.* Good faith you'll do well to be silent. I wish you'd shine a little less against your Adversary, and mind your Suit more.

*Alcest.* Positively not I.

*Phil.* Why! who wou'd you have your Solicitor?

*Alcest.* Who? ---Reason, my Right, Equity.

*Phil.* Then you don't design to wait on the Judge?

*Alcest.* For what? Is my Cause unjust, or doubtful?

*Phil.* I don't say 'tis. But Law-Suits are vexatious, and——

*Alcest.* No, I'm resolv'd not to stir a Step. Perhaps I'm in the wrong, perhaps I'm in the right.

*Phil.* Don't be too confident.

*Alcest.* I'll not move.

*Phil.* Your Antagonist is powerful, and by his Party may procure a——

*Alcest.* No matter.

*Phil.* You'll find your self mistaken.

*Alcest.*

*Alcest.* I'll venture that.

*Phil.* But ———

*Alcest.* I'll have the Pleasure to lose my Cause.

*Phil.* Yet after all ———

*Alcest.* I'll see by this Trial whether Men dare be so impudently wicked and perverse as to do me Injustice in the Face of the World.

*Phil.* What a strange Man!

*Alcest.* And I shall be glad to say, cost what it will, that I lost my Cause for the Goodness of it.

*Phil.* In earnest, *Alcestes*, every Body will laugh at you, if you talk thus.

*Alcest.* Let 'em —, the Laughters will have the worst.

*Phil.* But pray — as to this Rectitude now, this wondrous Exactness you demand in every thing, this consummate Justness — do you find it in the Lady here that has your Heart? I'm amaz'd, that having so irreconcilable a Quarrel (as it seems) with human-kind; in spite of all which might give you Hatred, you find enough in her to be charm'd with: And, what surprizes me more, is the strange Choice you have made. The sincere *Eliante* has an Inclination for you, The discreet *Arfinoe* looks on you with Softness. Yet your Soul, immoveable to their Wishes, is a Slave to *Celimene*; whose coquette Humour

mour and malicious Wit seem so extravagantly to give into the Manners of the Age — How is it possible then that hating them so mortally, you can endure so much of 'em in this Lady? Arn't they greater Faults in so fair an Object? Don't you see 'em? or can you excuse 'em?

*Alcest.* No — My Love for this young Widow does not make me blind to her Faults; but, in spite of my Passion, I'm the first to see and condemn 'em. And yet, do what I can, — I own my Weakness, she has the Art of pleasing me. 'Tis in vain I spy her Defects, in vain I blame her for 'em, in spite of All she makes me love her. Her Agreeableness turns the Ballance; and I make no question but my Flame will in time purify her Soul from these modern Vices.

*Phil.* If you can do that, you'll have perform'd no easie Task. Then you think she loves you?

*Alcest.* Yes, or I shou'd not love her.

*Phil.* But why then are you disturb'd about Rivals?

*Alcest.* Because a Heart deeply in Love, is for claiming all to it self. And 'tis with that Design I am come hither, to tell her freely upon This, whatever my Passion inspires.

*Phil.* Well, if I had nothing to do but to wish, there's her Cousin *Eliante* wou'd have all my Devotion. Her Heart, besides

sides its Regard for you, is solid and sincere; and methinks so agreeable a Choice shou'd be more worth your Pursuit.

*Alcest.* I own it. My Reason tells me so every Day; But Reason, you know, is not Love's Director.

*Phil.* Well, I'm full of Fears for you, and your Hope may possibly prove——

Enter *Orontes*.

*Oront.* They told me below that *Eliante* and *Celimene* were gone to make a small Tour to the Shops; but understanding, Sir, that you were here, I came up to tell you, with the sincerest Heart in the World, that I have conceiv'd a most incredible Esteem for you; and that for a long time I have had an ardent Ambition to be in the Number of your Friends. Sir, I love to do Justice to Merit, and am inflam'd to be joyn'd with you in the Bonds of Amity. And I presume, Sir, that a zealous Friend, of my Quality too, is by no means to be despis'd——Sir, 'tis to you, if you please, this Discourse is directed.

[*Alcestes is musing all the time of this Speech, and seems not to hear it.*]

*Alcest.* To me Sir?

*Oront.* Yes Sir, to you. Do you find any thing in it to offend you?

*Alcest.*

*Alcest.* No Sir, — but I'm surpriz'd at it;  
'Tis an Honour I did not expect.

*Oront.* The Esteem I have for you ought  
not to surprize you. Why Sir, 'tis what  
you may Challenge from all the World.

*Alcest.* Sir——

*Oront.* The Nation has not that Thing to  
boast of, that is not inferiour to the Splen-  
dor of your Merit.

*Alcest.* Nay, good Sir——

*Oront.* Yes Sir, I do, and will maintain,  
that I prefer you to every thing in it  
that's the most considerable.

*Alcest.* But Sir——

*Oront.* The Stars renounce me if I lye!  
And to convince you of my Sentiments,  
permit me to embrace you with an open  
Heart, and to demand a Place in your  
Friendship. Come, your Hand Sir, if you  
please—you promise me your Friendship?

*Alcest.* Sir——

*Oront.* What! you won't refuse?

*Alcest.* Sir, you do me too much Ho-  
nour. But Friendship is a sacred thing,  
and to make it too common is to profane  
it. Judgment and Choice are requir'd to  
such a Contract; and we shou'd know one  
another better, before we engage in it.  
'Tis possible Sir, our Tempers may be  
such, that we may both repent the Bar-  
gain.

*Oront.*

*Oront.* Gad save me ! spoke like an Oracle ! And I esteem you the more for it. Well, let Time then form so tender a Union. But in the mean while I offer my self intirely yours. Sir——have you any Favour to ask at Court ? I need not say what Figure I make there : Every body knows I have the Honour of his Majesty's Ear ; and, between Friends, you'd hardly imagine, I gad, that upon all Occasions he uses me with all the Frankness in the World. In fine, I'm every Way you can desire your most devoted — And Sir, because I know you to be a Person of extraordinary Judgment, as a Prologue to our Intimacy, I come to shew you a Song I writ t'other Day, and to take your Opinion whether I shall expose it to the Publick, or not.

*Alcest.* Sir, you must excuse me. I'm the worst qualify'd in the World to determine you.

*Oront.* Why ?

*Alcest.* Why, I have the Infirmary of being a little more sincere upon such Occasions than I shou'd.

*Oront.* That's just what I wou'd have ; and I shou'd be very sorry if when I expose my self, in order to have the Satisfaction of your Judgment without Disguise, you shou'd use me so ill as to betray me, or conceal any thing whatever.

*Alcest.*

*Alcest.* Why then Sir, upon these Terms if you please, proceed.

*Oront. Song.* — 'Tis a Song as I said.  
Hem! Hem! — *Hope* — You must know there's a Lady that had flatter'd my Passion with some Hopes — *Hope* — They are not your lofty Heroicks — They're little, soft, tender, Languishing, and all that —

*Alcest.* Well, we shall see —

*Oront. Hope* — I don't know whether you'll think the Stile correct and easie enough, or whether the Choice of the Words may please you; But —

*Alcest.* We shall see, Sir.

*Oront.* Besides, I Vow and Swear they were made in a Quarter of an Hour.

*Alcest.* Well, lets hear — The Time signifys nothing.

[*Orontes Reading.*]

*Hope, for a while, 'tis true, relieves,  
And lulls asleep our Pain;*

*But, Phillis, sad's the Joy it gives,  
When nothing follows in its Train.*

*Phil.* Gad I'm charm'd already!

*Alcest.* [*to him softly*] How? — you han't the Face sure to like it?

[*Orontes again.*]

[Orontes again.]

*I own that you have Complaisance,  
But better you had none,  
Than put your self to the Expence  
To give me Hope alone.*

*Phil.* Ah! how Gallant's the Expression!

*Alcest.* [softly] Curse o' your vile Complaisance; to commend such Doggrel!

[Orontes again.]

*If I Eternally must wait,  
My Zeal & Extreame will fly;  
Nor shall your Cares prevent my Fate,  
But I'll, for Refuge, dye.  
To hope for ever, charming Fair,  
What is't but ever to Despair?*

*Phil.* Well, The Winding up is so pretty, so amorous, so admirable!

*Alcest.* [softly] Rot your Winding up!— Wou'd you and your poysonous Flattery were at the Devil.

*Phil.* I never saw prettier turn'd Verses.

*Alcest.* [softly] Confusion!

*Oront.* Oh! Dear Sir, you flatter me, and perhaps think——

*Phil.* No really Sir — 'tis no Flattery.

*Alcest.* [softly] What is it then, Traytor?

*Oront.* But pray, your Opinion Sir? — you'll Remember our Articles —— I beg you'll be sincere now.

*Alcest.* Sir,



*Alceſt.* Sir, this is always a nice Affair. Every body Loves to be flatter'd upon the Subject of Wit. But I'll tell you what was my Answer once, to a certain Perſon that ſhall be Nameleſs, when he ſhew'd me ſome Verſes of his. I told him, that a fine Gentleman ſhou'd have a very ſtrict Guard over his Inclination to be Writing. That the Temptation of ſhining as an Author was ſo very powerfull, that it needed the greateſt Reſolution to bridle it. And that the Fondneſs of ſhewing their Works, makes People ſometimes Act very ridiculous Parts.

*Oront.* Do you mean by this, that I'm to blame for ———

*Alceſt.* Pardon me Sir! I don't ſay ſo; But I told him, that to Write ill — a Man had as good be knock'd o' th' Head — There needs no other Weakneſs to decry him: And let People have ever ſo many good Qualities, the World always looks on their Blindſide.

*Oront.* Why Sir, d'ye find any Faults in my Song?

*Alceſt.* I don't ſay I do; but, to deter him, I ſet before his Eyes the Examples of very worthy Perſons of our Age, who had been quite ſpoilt by this Frenzy of Writing.

*Oront.* What! do I Write ill then, or reſemble thoſe Perſons?

*Alceſt.* I don't ſay ſo — But in ſhort ſaid I, what preſſing Neceſſity have you to be

be Writing? And who the Deuce forces you to Print? If the publishing a wretched Book can be forgiven to any, 'tis only to those poor Devils that Scribble for their Bread. Be advis'd, resist the Temptation, keep your Amusements from the publick View; and don't be drawn by any Persuasions into the Folly of forfeiting the Character you have at Court of a Man of Merit, for that of a ridiculous and miserable Author. This is what I endeavour'd to make him comprehend.

*Oront.* Very well 'fore Gad! And I suppose I guess your Meaning, Sir. But don't I know that my Song——

*Alcest.* To be free—— Keep it to your self. You have been misled by Copying after ill Models, and your Expression is unnatural. Pray what's — *Lull asleep our Pain——And——Nothing follows in its Train?* Where's the Sense of——*Don't put your self to the Expence To give me Hope alone? And——To hope for ever, charming Fair; Is for ever to despair?* This figurative Stile, which People are so apt to be proud of, is vastly wide of Truth and far from a good Manner. 'Tis Affectation, 'tis Jingling, and Nature never speaks so. I'm afraid of the ill Taste of the Age in this; Our Ancestors, as unrefin'd as they were, had a much better; and I'll repeat you, for Example, an old Song that in my Esteem is infinitely preferable

preferable to all the fine Kickshaws so much now in Vogue.

If King Henry had granted me  
His Paris large and fair;  
And I for it erefoons must quit  
The Love of my true Dear:  
Thus would I say, my Liege, I pray  
Take back your Paris fair;  
I love much mo my Dear, I tro,  
I love much mo my Dear.

The Rhime indeed is but poor, and the  
Stile is old; but who does not see that it is  
better than all those affected Fooleries  
which are an Affront to good Sense; and  
that here 'tis pure Passion speaks without  
any Art.

If King Henry had granted me  
His Paris large and fair;  
And I for it erefoons must quit  
The Love of my true Dear:  
Thus would I say, my Liege, I pray  
Take back your Paris fair;  
I love much mo my Dear, I tro,  
I love much mo my Dear.

This now speaks the Sentiments of a  
Heart truly touch'd. Yes, my good laugh-  
ing Sir, in Spight of all your *Beaux Esprits*  
I tell you I value this beyond the fustian

Pomp and false Glitter of the Stuff that's so commonly cry'd up.

*Oront.* And for my Part Sir, I'll maintain that my Verses are good.

*Alcest.* They may be so to you, you have your Reasons no doubt. But you must give me leave to have mine too, that will take Leave not to submit to yours.

*Oront.* Sir, 'tis Satisfaction enough to me that others prize 'em.

*Alcest.* Ay, because they have the Art of dissembling, which I han't.

*Oront.* Why Sir d'ye take your self to have such a mighty Share of Wit?

*Alcest.* Perhaps I shou'd have more, if I commended your Verses.

*Oront.* Oh—I shall be content without your Approbation I assure you.

*Alcest.* Sir, you must be content without my Approbation.

*Oront.* I wou'd very fain see you write after your Manner upon the same Subject.

*Alcest.* I might have the ill Luck to write as bad—, but I shou'd ne'er have the Folly to expose it.

*Oront.* Why Sir you're very positive, and this Sufficiency, let me tell you——

*Alcest.* Sir, you may seek your Admirers elsewhere—and not trouble me.

*Oront.* Hum! Methinks you might treat the Matter somewhat less haughtily, my little Sir!

*Alcest.* Good

*Alceſt.* Good faith, my great Sir, I treat it as it ought to be treated.

*Philintes* [*interpoſing.*]

Fy Gentlemen! for God's-ſake—Nay this goes too far.

*Oront.* Ah—that's true. I'm to blame—I own it. I'm gone this Moment—Sir, I'm your moſt obedient Slave, with all my Spirit.

*Alceſt.* And Sir, I'm your humble Servant. [*Exit Orontès.*]

*Phil.* So— you ſee what you've got now by being too ſincere; you're like to have a fine buſineſs upon your Hands: Why I ſaw as plain as cou'd be, that *Orontes*, for the Pleaſure of being Flatter'd—

*Alceſt.* I won't be talk'd to.

*Phil.* But—

*Alceſt.* More Diſcourſe?

*Phil.* 'Tis too—

*Alceſt.* Leave me.

*Phil.* If I—

*Alceſt.* No Words, I ſay.

*Phil.* Nay but—

*Alceſt.* Again?

*Phil.* 'Tis to affront—

*Alceſt.* Furies! this is inſufferable,—you ſha'n't follow me. [*Going.*]

*Phil.* Poſitively I will; Why, this is meer Banter. [*Exeunt.*]

*The End of the Firſt ACT.*

## A C T. II.

*Alceste and Celimene.*

*Alcest.* **W**ILL you give me leave to be plain with you, Madam? I don't like your Conduct: It fills me with too much Choler, and I find we must part. In short, 'twere to abuse you, not to tell you so. Part we must, there's no avoiding it. And shou'd I swear you a thousand Oaths to the contrary, it wou'd not be in my Power to keep 'em.

*Cel.* Then for ought I see, you come here to Quarrel with me Sir?

*Alcest.* I don't quarrel with you; but your Humour is too open upon the first Acquaintance, and your Soul grants too much Access. Don't I see how you're beset here with a Crowd of Lovers? 'Death! I have a Heart too proud to bear it.

*Cel.* Well—suppose I do make Conquests, is it my Fault? Can I hinder People from liking me? What wou'd you have me do? If they use a kind of civil Force to see me,

am I to take a Stick and drive 'em out of the House?

*Aleest.* No Madam, there's no occasion for a Stick; but it wou'd be well if you had a Heart less easie, and not so imprefible. I know your Charms attend you in all Places; but 'tis your Encouragement retains those who are attracted by your Eyes; and the Softness with which you treat those who surrender to you, finishes the Work which your Beauty began. 'Tis the lavish Hope you indulge, that draws upon you such assiduous Applications. And were your Complaisance but more restrain'd, you might soon be rid of your Crowd of Addressers. But will you do me the Favour at least to tell me, Madam, by what Means your *Clitander* has the good Luck to please you so? Upon what solid Merit and sublime Vertue do you found your Esteem for him? Is it his white Hand and long little-Finger-nail have made this strange Acquisition? Or have you, with all the Beau-Monde, surrender'd to the irresistible Perswasion of his fair full-bottom'd Wig? Are there Charms in his huge Pantaloons, and Philters in his fluttering Equipage of Ribbons? or is it by his becoming Laugh and his feign'd effeminate Voice he has found the happy secret of touching your Heart?

*Cel.*

*Cel.* Lord! How unreasonably apprehensive you are? Don't you know for what I keep him in Play? And that 'tis in his Power to assist my Cause, by engaging all his Friends for me, as he has promis'd?

*Alceft.* Rather lose your Cause, Madam, with a brave Constancy, and shew your self above humouring a Rival I can't bear?

*Cel.* But you're Jealous of all the World.

*Alceft.* That's because you're Civil to all the World.

*Cel.* Why then methinks you have the less reason to be angry, since my Complaisance is universal. And you'd have more cause to complain, if you saw me bestow it all upon one.

*Alceft.* But, since you blame my Jealousie, pray what have I, Madam, to encourage me more than others?

*Cel.* The Satisfaction of knowing that you're belov'd.

*Alceft.* And what Ground have I to believe it?

*Cel.* I think Sir 'tis enough that I have thought fit to tell you so, and you ought to be satisfy'd with such a Confession.

*Alceft.* But what Assurance have I that you won't say as much the next Minute to somebody else?

*Cel.* Fine Flowers of Rhetorick these, for a Lover! And I admire your Gallant Way of treating your Mistress. Why  
look



look you, Sir, to put an End to that Concern then, I here unsay all I've said before, and nothing hereafter shall impose on you but your self ; let that satisfy you.

*Alceft.* Furies! — Must I yet be so bewitch'd as to love you? Well — if I'm once so happy as to get free from your Chains, I'll blest the Day of my Deliverance. I don't desire it shou'd be a Secret that I use all my Endeavours to master this unlucky Passion. 'Tis true, my greatest Efforts have yet prov'd unsuccessful ; and 'tis for my Sins I'm doom'd to love you so extravagantly.

*Cel.* Extravagantly enough I confess — and I believe your Passion is without an Equal.

*Alceft.* I challenge the World to equal it. It is beyond all possible Imagination ; and never was Man so possess'd with Love before.

*Cel.* In Truth, the Manner of expressing it is very new. Why, you love People, it seems, only to wrangle with 'em. Your Flame shines in angry Speeches ; and such a surly mutinous Love was never known.

*Alceft.* If its Chagrin is not dissipated, 'tis intirely your own Fault. Come ! for Heav'n's Sake, let's resolve to end all Disputes at once. Let's deal openly and ingenuously with one another, and put a Stop —

D

Enter Basque.

*Enter Basque.*

*Cel.* What now !

*Basque.* *Acastes* is below, Madam.

*Cel.* Desire him to come up.

*Alceft.* What ! there's no having you private for a Minute. One finds you perpetually receiving Visits from all the World ; and you can't spare one single Moment to let your Servants deny you.

*Cel.* You'd have me fall out with him, wou'd you ?

*Alceft.* You've more Caution, I'm sure, than I like.

*Cel.* Why he's one that wou'd never forgive me, if I shou'd seem the least uneasy at his coming.

*Alceft.* Well ! and what then ?

*Cel.* Bless me ! — Why, 'tis a Thing of Consequence to have such People ones Friends. I don't know how 'tis, but they're Men that have a Privilege of talking loud at Court. You see they wind themselves into all Conversations. They can't do you Service 'tis true, but they can hurt you ; and however your Interest may be supported otherways, 'tis necessary to avoid all Differences with these noisy Gentlemen.

*Alceft.* In short, 'tis to no Purpose to dispute with you ; for let it be as it will, you'll find Reasons for admitting all the World ; and your judicious Precautions —

*Enter*

Enter *Basque*.

*Basq.* *Clitander*, Madam.

*Alcest.* [*going.*] 'Tis very well——

*Cel.* Whither so fast?

*Alcest.* I'll be gone.

*Cel.* Nay, but stay.

*Alcest.* For what?

*Cel.* Stay.

*Alcest.* I can't.

*Cel.* You shall.

*Alcest.* Indeed I shan't; I'm plagu'd to Death with your Visiting-Fools, and to think I'll endure such Conversation——

*Cel.* You shall stay, I say.

*Alcest.* 'Tis impossible.

*Cel.* Why then, do as you please, you're at your Liberty.

Enter *Eliante*, *Philintes*, *Acastes*, *Clitander*.

*Eliante.* Here's the two *Marqueffes* come with us—Did any body give you Notice?

*Cel.* Yes, — Chairs here.

You arn't gone then? [*to Alcestes aside*]

*Alcest.* No, but I desire, Madam, you'll declare either for them or me.

*Cel.* Pish—Be Silent.

*Alcest.* I'm resolv'd you shall now explain your self.

*Cel.* You're out o' your Senses.

D 2

*Alcest.* You

*Alcest.* You must and shall explain.  
*Cel.* Bless me!

*Alcest.* You shall take one Side or t'other.

*Cel.* You jest sure.

*Alcest.* No ; you shall choose, I say. 'Tis too much to have Patience any longer.

*Clitan.* Gad, I've just been at Court, where *Cleontes* appear'd at the Levee so ridiculously Exact. Heav'ns ! has he no Friend that can be so Charitable as to advise him about his strange Forms.

*Cel.* The Truth is he appears extremely odd in Company. He carries every where an Air that exposes him at first Sight ; and when you see him again, you find him more Extravagant than before.

*Acaf.* Extravagant ! if you talk of that, I'm come from being persecuted by one of the most nauseous Extravagants living. *Damon*—the Reasoner ; who, by all that's serious, had the Conscience to keep me out of my Chariot a whole Hour at least of broad Day.

*Cel.* A strange Talker ! and one that has always the Art of saying Nothing to you, with a World of Circumlocution. You can never know what he's talking about, that's certain ; and all you are list'ning to, is a meer Noise.

*Eliante* to *Philintes* [*aside.*] A lucky Beginning this ! The Conversation is falling into

into a good charitable Humour of exposing one's Acquaintance.

*Clitan.* There's *Timantes* too, Madam, is an Original.

*Cel.* He's all Myſtery from Head to Feet : He ſtares at you *en paſſant* when you meet him, and without Buſineſs is perpetually in a Hurry. Whatever he ſays to you, is with a Thouſand Grimaces ; and for Ceremony, he oppreſſes you with it. To interrupt the Converſation, he has always ſome Secret to tell you ſoſtly ; which Secret is—Nothing. He makes a Miracle of every Trifle ; and gravely whiſpers it in your Ear tho' tis only a Good Morrow.

*Acaſ.* Then there's *Gerald*, Madam—

*Cel.* O ——— that Eternal Teller of Stories ! you never ſee him deſcend below his grand Air of a Lord. He's perpetually mingling himſelf with the higheſt Company ; and ſcorns in his common Diſcourſe to quote you leſs than a Prince, a Princeſs, or a Duke. In ſhort, Quality has turn'd his Brain ; and all his Converſation is of *Flanders-Mares*, *Dogs*, *Race-Horſes*, and *Equipage*. He ſays *Thou* and *Thee* to People of the beſt Rank ; and *Sir* is a Word quite out of uſe with him.

*Clitan.* *Belifa*, they ſay, has an infinite Value for him.

*Cel.* Wretched poor-witted Creature, and the dulleſt Company in the World ! I

am martyr'd whenever she comes to Visit me. One must torture Invention to find Discourse with her: And yet the Conversation dyes at every turn, thro' her strange Sterility of Expression. Her stupid Silence is Proof against all Attacks, and 'tis in Vain to call to your Aid the most common Topicks of Discourse: The fine Weather, or the Rain, the Cold, the Heat, are all exhausted immediately. Yet her Visit is insupportably Tedious; and tho' you ask her what's a Clock, or look on your Watch ever so often, She's as immoveable as a Statue.

*Acaf.* What think you of *Adrastes*?

*Cel.* Excessively Proud. Self-Conceit has swell'd him to a Monster: His great Merit has always a Quarrel with the Court. He never fails Cursing it, once in four and twenty Hours, for his daily Exercise. And there's not a Grant made, a Place fill'd up, or a Patent bestow'd, but he exclaims against the barbarous Injustice of it.

*Clitan.* But young *Cleon*, where all our best Company is to Day, what d'ye say of him?

*Cel.* That he's oblig'd to his Cook for all his Merit. And that his proper Place to receive Visits, is at his Table.

*Eliante.* No-body keeps a better.

*Cel.* True, if he himself were away. Fool is always a standing Dish at it, and to me his insipid Person spoils the whole Entertainment.

*Philin.* His

*Philin.* His Uncle *Damis* is in good Esteem.  
What say you to that Madam?

*Cel.* Oh! he's one of my Friends.

*Phil.* I take him to be a very good sort of  
a Man, and, by his appearance, wise enough.

*Cel.* Why — yes. — But I'm angry with  
him for affecting too much Wit. He's always  
so full of his Flights; and you may observe  
how he aims at quaint Turns in all his  
Discourse. And since he has taken a Fancy  
to appear Polite, he's so exceeding Nice,  
that nothing can please him. He's for  
spying Faults in every thing that's Writ. He  
thinks 'tis below a Man of Wit to com-  
mend; That, in playing the Critick he  
shews his Learning; That 'tis the part of  
Blockheads to admire, or be mov'd to a  
Laugh: And in short, That by condemning  
without Exception all modern Works, he  
sets himself above the whole World. He  
exercises the same Talent of Severity upon  
Conversation too; Common Discourse is  
always too mean for him: He stands bles-  
sing himself in Company with Arms a-  
cross, and seems from his Superiour Wit to  
look down with Pity and Contempt on  
every thing you can say to him.

*Acaf.* His very Picture, 'fore Gad!

*Clitan.* Well, for drawing to the Life, your  
Ladyship is a Miracle.

*Alceft.* Good, very Good! ---- proceed  
my worthy Friends o' the Court! you spare  
nothing in your Way; every body takes

his Turn. And yet you never see any one of these Gentlemen you've been railing at, but you run to meet him with all the Rapture imaginable, give him your Hand, hug, kiss him, and swear a thousand flattering Oaths how much you're devoted to his Service.

*Clitan.* Why this to Us Sir? If any thing in the Conversation shocks you, your Reproach concerns the Lady here.

*Alceft.* No——Gadzooks, it concerns you. And 'tis your obsequious grinning Laughs that seduce her Wit, and draw from her these censorious Reflections. Her Satyri- cal Humour is encourag'd by the base Incense of your Flattery. And she wou'd not take that Pleasure in Railing, if she did not find it applauded. And 'tis thus that Flatterers are every where the Occasion of all the Vices that over-spread Mankind.

*Philin.* But how come You, Sir, to take the Part of these People? You, who have condemn'd the very same things they are now censur'd for?

*Cel.* What! wou'd you have him lose the Pleasure of contradicting? is it fit he shou'd subscribe to common Opinion? Or not display every where that thwarting Genius which Heav'n has made his Peculiar? 'Tis impossible another's Opinion shou'd please him; He's oblig'd to maintain the Contrary; and thinks he shou'd appear Vulgar



gar if he agreed with any body's Thoughts. Nay, the Honour of contradicting has such prevailing Charms over him, that it sets him often at Variance with himself. And he shall dispute against his own real Sentiments, the first Minute he finds 'em affirm'd by another.

*Alceft.* 'Tis very well Madam! The Laughters are o' your side; and you may be as Satyrical as you please.

*Philin.* But 'tis really true, that your Wit is perpetually arm'd against whatever one can Say; and by a morose Humour, which it self owns, will neither suffer one to praise, nor to find fault.

*Alceft.* 'Sdeath! 'tis because Men are always in the wrong, and give one continual Reason to be out o' Humour. And because I see, that, upon all Occasions, they either praise impertinently, or are absurdly censorious.

*Celi.* Nay but——

*Alceft.* Look you Madam, if I were dye for'r, I must be plain—— You have Pleasures I can't bear. And they do you base Wrong, to sooth and encourage you in Adhering to Faults which they themselves blame you for.

*Clitan.* What d'ye mean, Sir? I Vow and Swear for my part, I never thought the Lady had any Faults.

*Acaf.* I

*Acaf.* I see Millions of Charms and Perfections in her. But for Faults — I can't see one for my Life.

*Alceft.* I see too many I'm fure, and She knows I make it my daily Care to tell her of 'em. The more we love People, the lefs we shou'd flatter 'em. 'Tis the Purity of an ardent Love, not to pardon any Allays. And were I a Woman, I'd banish all those sneaking Lovers that shew'd a slavish Submission to all my Sentiments: And whose senseless Complaisance made 'em eternally adore my very Extravagancies.

*Cel.* In short, if Hearts were to be regulated by your Prescription, To love well, one must banish all Tendernefs. And make it the Supreme Honour of the most exalted Passion, to rail very heartily at the Person one loves.

*Elian.* Love, generally speaking, is quite the Reverse of this; and you see Lovers perpetually boasting of their Choice. Their Passion will not let 'em see any thing amiss. All is lovely in the Object below'd. Faults themselves pass for Perfections; and they have the prettiest softening Names for 'em imaginable. The Pale Complexion, is fairer than Jessamin. The Black is awful: and the Brown adorable. The thin Lady, tho' a Skeleton, is free and well shap'd. The Porpoise Shape, is full of Majesty. The Slattern, is a negligent Beauty, and has no study'd

study'd Charms. The Gigantick seems a Goddess; and the Dwarf, an Epitome of Heaven's Wonders. The Proud, has a Soul worthy of a Crown. The Cheat, has Wit: the Fool, is All Goodness. The everlasting Talker, is most agreeable Company; and the Mute Lady, keeps a modest Reserve. 'Tis thus, a Lover, whose Passion is very ardent, is enamour'd even with his Mistress's Faults.

*Alcest.* And for my part I'll make it appear that——

*Cel.* Let's quit this Discourse, and go take a Turn or two in the Gallery. What!——you won't leave us Gentlemen?

[*Clitander* and *Acastes.*] No, Madam.

*Alcest.* You're mightily disturb'd with the Fear of losing your Company. Look you, Gentlemen, you may stay as long as you please; but I tell you plainly I shan't stir till you're gone.

*Acast.* Rather than the Lady shou'd be uneasy, I have no Business shall call me from hence all this Day.

*Clitan.* And for my part, I have no Engagement, provided I'm at Court time enough to attend the Bedchamber.

[*Celim.* to *Alcest.*] You have a Mind to be Merry, I believe.

*Alcest.* Not at all. I shall see whether 'tis My Company you want to be rid of.

Enter

Enter *Basque*.

*Bas*. Sir, here's a Man says, he must needs speak with you, about a Business that can't be put off.

*Alceft*. Tell him, I have no such pressing Business.

*Bas*. Sir, he has a great Coat with huge Plaits, and all lac'd with Gold.

*Cel*. Won't you see what's his Business, or desire him to come in? [to *Alceft*.]

*Alceft*. What makes You so concern'd about him? Come in Sir.

Enter an *Officer*.

*Officer*. Sir, if you please, a Word with you.

*Alceft*. You may speak aloud, Sir, if you please.

*Officer*. Sir, The *Mareschals of France*, whose Commands I have the Honour to bear, give you Notice, that they require your Appearance before 'em immediately.

*Alceft*. Mine Sir?

*Officer*. Yes Sir.

*Alceft*. For what, pray?

*Phil*. I'll be hang'd if 'tis not the ridiculous Business betwixt *Orontes* and You.

*Cel*. What Business?

*Phil*. Why *Orontes* and he had a Clash about some Verses he did not like. And  
this

this I suppose is to determine it, before it goes further.

*Alceft.* I scorn any cowardly Submission.

*Phil.* But you must obey the Summons :  
Come prepare to——

*Alceft.* Plague ! What Accommodation wou'd they have ? shall the Sentence of these Gentlemen oblige me to like the Verses ? No, I'll stand by all I have said : They're Stuff.

*Phil.* But you might with more Temper——

*Alceft.* I'll not bate a Tittle ; they're Execrable.

*Phil.* You ought to give your Opinion with Moderation at least. Come, will you go ?

*Alceft.* Yes. But nothing shall make me unsay my Words.

*Phil.* Well—— We shall see that.

*Alceft.* If the King indeed shou'd send me his exprefs Command to praise 'em, I can't help it. But without that, let me die if I won't maintain to the last that they're intollerable ; and that he that made 'em ought to be hang'd.——By this light, Gentlemen, I did not design to make you so Merry.

[*to Clitan. and Acaf. who Laugh.*]

*Cel.* Go make your Appearance.

*Alceft.* I'm going, Madam ; but I'm resolv'd to be here again presently, to end our Dispute.

*The End of the Second ACT.*

## A C T III.

*Clitander and Acastes.*

*Clitan.* **Y**OU're a mighty satisfy'd Creature, my dear Marqueſs! Why, every thing makes you Gay I ſee, and nothing gives you Inquietude. But can you really think, without putting out your Eyes, that you have ſuch wondrous Reasons to be joyful?

*Acaſt.* Let me periſh, if, upon the moſt ſerious Contemplation of my ſelf, I can find one ſingle Subject for a melancholy Thought. I have a Fortune, thank my Stars; I'm Young, and deſcended from a Family that may with ſome Reason be call'd Noble. And I believe, that with this Pretention there are few Poſts in the Kingdom that I don't ſtand fair for. As for Courage, (which above all, is a Quality to be priz'd,) without Vanity, 'tis known that I want none; and the World has ſeen me push an Affair with Vigour, and I gad, gallantly enough. Then for Wit, I have it, that's certain; and a Taſte to judge and reaſon, without Study, upon every univerſal thing. To  
make

make a learned Figure in the Side-Box at the first Night of a New Play, which is a Pleasure I doat on to Idolatry; to decide there in Chief, and mark out all the bright things that deserve Clapping. As for Person, I'm adroit enough, I have a good Air, good Teeth as you see, and a Shape that's positively fine: And I think, without flattering my self, that for Dress, there's no body will be so Impertinent as to Dispute with me. In short, I see my self in as great Estimation as possible; I'm the Darling of the fair Sex, and a Favourite at Court. Now I humbly conceive, my dear Marquess, that for the Reasons aforesaid, a Man may be allow'd to be satisfy'd with himself.

*Clitan.* True; But since you find Conquests so easie elsewhere, where's the Sence of lavishing your Sighs here, to no purpose?

*Acaf.* Who I? Pardon me, I'm not of a Complexion, or Rank, I assure you, to suffer any Lady's Indifference. 'Tis for your People of inferiour Mould, your Vulgar Merits, to consume eternally for cruel Beauties. To languish at their Feet: to endure all their Rigour: To seek Relief from Sighs and Tears; and by a tedious Succession of Cares, to labour in vain for what is refus'd to their diminutive Merit. But People of my Air, Marquess, are not made to love upon Trust, and bear all the  
Expence

Expend themselves. For, let the Merit of the Fair be ever so extraordinary, we are worth our Price, Gad take me, as well as they. And 'tis my peremptory Opinion, that to make an Honour of possessing a Heart like mine, there's no Reason nor Conscience it shou'd cost 'em nothing; and that, to put things at least in a Balance, both Sides shou'd contribute equally to the Advances.

*Clitan.* Hum — Then you fancy, my Noble Marquess, that you are mighty well here?

*Acaf.* I have some Reason, my Noble Marquess, to fancy so.

*Clitan.* Hark ye — deliver your self from so preposterous a Mistake; you flatter your self, my Dear; you're blind — that's all.

*Acaf.* I own it; I flatter my self; I am blind.

*Clitan.* But prithee what has led thee into this Dream of Paradise?

*Acaf.* I flatter my self.

*Clitan.* What d'ye ground your Faith upon?

*Acaf.* I am blind.

*Clitan.* Have you undoubted Demonstrations?

*Acaf.* I impose upon my self I tell you.

*Clitan.* *Celimene* has made you some secret Confession, Ha?

*Acaf.* No,



*Acaf.* No—I'm treated like a Devil.

*Clitan.* Nay but answer me, I beseech you.

*Acaf.* I meet with nothing but Repulses.

*Clitan.* Come, spare your Raillery, and tell me what wondrous Hopes have been given you?

*Acaf.* I'm the Wretch, and you the happy Mortal. She has the utmost Aversion for my Person—and one of these Days—I shall certainly hang my self.

*Clitan.* Hum; --- but will you agree to one Proposal, Marquess, to adjust this Affair of ours? That which soever of us two, can shew a certain Mark of Preference in the Heart of *Celimene*, the other shall give Place to the Pretensions of the Conqueror, and free him from the Trouble of a Rival?

*Acaf.* Ah! Gadzookers — with all my Soul. I like you now, and heartily agree to it. But Hush——

Enter *Celimene*.

*Cel.* Here still, Gentlemen?

*Clitan.* Love---Madam, Love confines us.

*Cel.* I just heard a Coach stop below-- can you think who it shou'd be?

*Clitan.* No.

E

Enter

Enter *Basque*.

*Basq. Arsinoe*, Madam, is come to wait on you.

*Cel.* What wou'd the Creature have with me?

*Basq. Eliante* is below with her.

*Cel.* What does she mean, I'd fain know? or who sent for her?

*Acaf.* She passes every where for a perfect Puritan; and so ardent is her Zeal---

*Cel.* Pshaw! Pshaw! --- meer Grimace. In her Heart she's like the rest of the World; and she labours every Day all she can to gain a Prize, without being able once to succeed. She can't look without Envy on other People's Lovers. And her dull abandon'd Merit is continually in a Rage against the Blindness of the Age. She strives to cover her frightful Solitude under a false Veil of Discretion; and to save the Credit of her feeble Charms, she wou'd degrade the Power which they want, into a Crime. Yet her Ladyship's great Wisdom, I assure you, cou'd condescend to be pleas'd with a Lover. And particularly for *Alceste* I know she has a Tenderness. His making Addresses to me, is a Crime she can never forgive; she wou'd have it thought I have stole him from her. And  
where

where ever she goes, her jealous Resentments, which she can very ill conceal, are privately vented against me. In short, I never met with any thing so shocking and absurd: She's Impertinent to the last Degree, and—My Dear! What kind Chance has brought you hither? I vow Madam I've been in Pain for you.

[*Running to Arsinoe who Enters as Clitander and Acastes go out.*]

*Arfin.* I come to give you some Advice, Madam, which I owe you as a Friend.

*Cel.* Ye Powers! ——— How I rejoyce to see you!

*Arfin.* Their taking Leave, cou'd never have been more seasonable.

*Cel.* Come, shall we Sit?

*Arfin.* 'Tis no Matter.—Friendship, Madam, shou'd display it self most about those things that may be of the greatest importance to Us; And nothing being more so than Honour and Decorum, I come to give Proofs of my Zeal for you, by a Caution that concerns your Reputation. I was Yesterday in Company with some People of singular Vertue, where the Conversation turn'd upon you. And I'm sorry to say, Madam, that your Conduct, as shining as it is, had the Misfortune not to meet with the least Commendation. This Crowd of Visitors you admit, your Gallantry, and the Noise it makes, met with more Censures than

than it ought, and much severer than I cou'd have wish'd. Your Ladyship will easily imagine what Part I took ; I said all I cou'd in your Vindication, I excus'd you upon the Innocence of your Intention, and affirm'd I wou'd be answerable for your Principles. But you know there are certain Affairs in Life which we can't justify tho' we wou'd ; so that— in short, I was constrain'd to own, that for your Air of Living you are somewhat to Blame. That it has an ill Face to the World, and that there's no Story so Malicious but is every where rais'd upon it. And that if you pleas'd to regulate your whole Deportment, it might give less Occasion for Reflections. Not that I believe your Verrue really touch'd—No! Heav'n defend me from such a Thought! But the very shadow of a Crime easily meets with Belief ; and 'tis not sufficient to live well to ones self. — I know Madam, your Ladyship has so reasonable a Soul, that you can't but take this useful Advice kindly, and impute it to the secret Impulse of a Zeal that engages me in all your Interests.

*Cel.* I have a World of Thanks to return you Madam for your Advice ; It obliges me : and to let you see that I'm far from taking it amiss, I shall this Moment acknowledge the Favour by giving you some Advice too that touches your Honour. And since I see you shew your self  
*my*

my Friend by informing me of the Reports which are publish'd of me, I shall follow so kind an Example, in telling you what's said of you. I found, at a Visit I made t'other Day, some Persons of uncommon Merit, who speaking of the true Conduct of Life, were pleas'd to turn the Discourse upon your Ladyship. Your great Preciseness and Shews of Zeal were not quoted as the most commendable Model. That Affectation of outside Gravity; your eternal Speeches about Wisdom and Honour; your Frowns and Outcries at the least shadow of Indecency, which possibly might have the innocence of a doubtful Expression; your excessive Value of your self; and that Scornful Pity with which you regard every body else; Your everlasting Lectures and censorious Remarks upon the most innocent Things in the World; All this Madam, to be free with you, was condemn'd Universally. What signifies this Mien of Modesty, said they, and this Sage Appearance that contradicts all the rest of her Character? She's punctual at her Prayers to the last Degree, but she beats her Servants, and pays 'em no Wages. In all places of Devotion she makes a wonderful shew of Piety, but she Paints, and wou'd be thought Handsome. She won't suffer the least Indecency in a Picture; but she loves the Reality, while she

she makes the Shadow be cover'd. For my part Madam, I was your Advocate against the whole Company, and Vow'd to 'em 'twas all Scandal. But I was out-voted, and they came to this Resolution, that your Ladyship wou'd do well to trouble your self less about other Peoples Actions, and regard your own more. That People shou'd consider themselves for a long time, before they ventur'd to pronounce Sentence against others. And that to the Corrections they wou'd make, they shou'd add the Force of a good Example. Now I know Madam, you are Mistress of so much Reason, that you can't but take kindly too, in your Turn, this useful Information, and impute it to the secret impulse of a Zeal that engages me firmly in all our Interests.

*Arfin.* Tho' I Confess, that in reprov-  
ing we expose our selves to People's Displea-  
sure, yet I did not expect such a Reply as  
this; and by the sharpness of it, Madam, I  
perceive that my plain-dealing has touch'd  
you.

*Cel.* So far from that, Madam, that I  
think if People were Wise, they wou'd  
bring this mutual Freedom more into Prac-  
tice; It wou'd be a good Means to cure  
that blind Partiality which All have for  
themselves. And Madam, 'twill be your  
own Fault if we dont continue this faith-  
ful

ful Commerce hereafter with the same Zeal, and be very careful to tell one another from time to time what we hear ; you of me, and I of your Ladiship.

*Arfin.* Alas ! Madam ! 'tis impossible to hear any thing of You. No—— 'tis I only give Occasion for Reflections.

*Celim.* Every thing Madam, I believe, may be prais'd or censur'd : And every body may have Reason, as they follow their Years or Humour. There's a Season that's proper for Gallantry ; and another for Preciseness. People may fall into it out of Policy, when the Lustre of their Youth is faded and gone ; 'tis a good Covering indeed to deplorable Infirmities. And I an't positive that some time or other I may'nt follow your Steps. Age will bring every thing about : But it wou'd be a little out o' Season, I take it, to set up for Preciseness at Twenty.

*Arfin.* In truth Madam, you value your self upon a very slight Advantage, and make a most furious Sound with your Youth. But whatever Years I may have more than you, they are no such mighty Matter to give the Superiority. And I don't understand Madam, what 'tis provokes your Resentment, that you shou'd insult me thus.

*Celim.* And for my part, I don't understand, Madam, why you shou'd take the Liberty to fall upon my Character every where as you do. Must your Spleen be eternally

eternally venting its self against me? And can I help it, if you are slighted? If my Person inspires Love, and I meet every Day with repeated Addresses, which you'd be glad to see me depriv'd of, I can't help it; 'tis no fault of mine — You have a free Stage Madam, and 'tis not I that hinder you from having Charms to do the like.

*Arfin.* Alas! do you think the Number of Lovers you're so proud of, can give me Disturbance? Or that 'tis not easy to judge at what Price they may be had? Do you expect to make the World believe that 'tis purely your Merit attracts this Crowd? That they burn for you with a reputable Flame, and that 'tis for your Vertues they all make Court to You? No — The World is not so easily impos'd upon; we see some who are form'd to inspire tender Sentiments, yet are not follow'd by Lovers. Whence 'tis easy to conclude, That Hearts are not gain'd without making considerable Advances: That No body is an humble Servant to fine Eyes alone: But that all the Devotions which are offer'd us, must be pay'd for. Do'nt let a trifling Victory then, fill you with so much Vain Glory; Correct a little the Pride of your Charms, and learn to treat People more civilly upon this Subject. If We cou'd be so mean as to envy your Conquests, Madam, I believe it wou'd be no hard matter to do like others; and by throwing off all Restraints, to let you see,  
that



that one may have Lovers when one is fond of having 'em.

*Cel.* Have 'em then o' God's Name, Madam: Let us see this Rare Secret put in Practice; Force your self to please, and without——

*Arfin.* 'Tis time to end this Controversy, Madam; 'Twou'd transport us both too far. And indeed, I had taken my Leave, as I ought, before now, If I were not oblig'd to wait for my Coach.

*Cel.* You may stay as long as you think fit, Madam, and nothing that has pass'd need hasten you away. But, not to tire you with Ceremony, I'm glad I can now entertain you with better Company than my own; And that here's a Gentleman come by Chance, who will very advantageously supply my Place.

Enter *Alceste*.

*Cel.* You'll stay with the Lady here, Sir, while I Write a line or two that must needs be dispatch'd Immediately. She'll be so good, I know, as to Pardon my Rudeness. [Exit *Celimene*.]

*Arfin.* You see Sir, I'm left to Entertain you for a Moment, till my Coach comes. And, to say the Truth, *Celimene* cou'd never have oblig'd me with any thing more Charming than such a Conversation.

F

People

People of sublime Merit draw Love and Esteem from every Body; and yours has certainly some Secret Charm, that engages my Heart in all your Interests. I wou'd fain have the Court, by a favourable Regard, do more Justice, Sir, to your Merit; Indeed you have Reason to complain, and I'm angry every Day to the last Degree, to see that nothing's done for you.

*Alcest.* For me, Madam! Why what Pretensions have I? What Service have I done the State? Or what Performances have I to boast of, that are in themselves so bright as to afford me just Reason to complain of the Court's doing Nothing for me?

*Arfin.* Those who are mark'd out for Favours from the Court, have not always done the most signal Services. There must be Opportunity as well as Power. And in fine, the Merit we see in you, ought——

*Alcest.* For Heav'n's sake no more of my Merit. To what end, wou'd you trouble the Court about it? Troth 'twou'd have enough to do if it must make a Business of discovering Merit.

*Arfin.* That which is very shining, Sir, discovers it self; yours has the Advantage of being generally esteem'd. And give me leave to tell you, that you were prais'd yesterday in two very considerable Places, by People of the greatest Consequence.

*Alcest.* Why,

*Alceft.* Why, Madam, People now a days praise all the World ; and there's nothing that our Age does not confound this way. Every thing is ascrib'd to the same great Merit. So that Praise in short is no Honour. People are surfeited with Encomiums, they are grown so cheap. And 'tis not a Week, since my *Valet de Chambre* was in the *Gazette*.

*Arfin.* For my Part, I wish that, to bring you more into publick View, there were any Employment at Court that cou'd be a Temptation to you. If you wou'd give us but the least Signal of your Entertaining a Thought of it, There are Engines might be set at Work, and I my self have People in hand, whom I'm resolv'd to employ in your Favour ; and who will make your way very easy.

*Alceft.* And what wou'd you have me do there, Madam ? I have a Humour that rather obliges me to Banish my Self from thence. Heav'n, when it sent me into the World, gave me a Soul to my Portion that is absolutely incompatible with the Air of a Court. I am not furnish'd with the Qualities necessary to succeed in it, or make my Fortune. My chief Talent is to be frank and sincere ; I don't know the Art of wheedling in Conversation ; And he that has not the Gift of concealing his Thoughts, ought not I'm sure to reside long in such a

Climate. You han't elsewhere indeed the Interest, the Show, the Titles, which a Court bestows; but to ballance the loss of these Advantages, you are free from the necessity of acting very foolish Parts, and the Mortification of enduring a thousand cruel Shocks. You are not oblig'd to praise my Lord such a one's Poetry, to flatter my Lady such a one; and to suffer every day the Caprices of our hairbrain'd Marquesses.

*Arfin.* Well Sir, since you'll have it so, we'll leave this Subject of the Court: But I must take the Liberty to complain of you about your Love, and tell you my Thoughts upon it. I cou'd wish indeed your Ardours were better bestow'd, You certainly merit a much gentler Fate; and the Lady you are Charmd with is very undeserving of you.

*Alceft.* But when you say this, Madam, I desire you'll be pleas'd to consider that this Lady is your Friend.

*Arfin.* True; but it wounds my Conscience to endure that you shou'd be so grossly abus'd any longer. My Soul is too much Afflicted at your Case; and you may take it from me, that in short your Passion is betray'd.

*Alceft.* 'Tis to shew a very tender concern for me, Madam; and such an Information can't but oblige a Lover.

*Arfin.* Look

*Arfin.* Look you——She's entirely my Friend, and I pronounce that she's unworthy to retain the Heart of a Man of your Merit; and that her's has but a very indifferent Regard for you.

*Alceft.* It may be so, Madam. 'Tis impossible to see the bottom of a Heart. But your Charity might have excus'd you from attacking mine with such a Suspicion.

*Arfin.* If you're resolv'd, Sir, not to be disabus'd, there's nothing more to be said.

*Alceft.* No, Madam; —— but upon this Subject whatever may be represented to Us, Doubts are more uneasy than any thing. And I wou'd not have any Body inform me of what they can't make undeniably apparent.

*Arfin.* Very well Sir. Then you shall receive full Conviction upon this Matter, and I shall desire you to believe nothing but your own Eyes. You'll please only to take the Trouble to go home with me, and there I shall shew you a very Faithfull proof of your Mistress's Infidelity. And if you can entertain a Passion for another, perhaps there may be Room to offer you Consolation.

*The End of the Third ACT.*

## A C T. IV.

*Eliante and Philintes.*

*Philinte.* NO, — Never was so inflexible a Soul, nor any Accommodation so difficult to be effected. 'Twas in vain to try on all sides to bend him; There was no drawing him a jot from his Sentiment. And o' my Conscience, I believe the Wisdom of these Gentlemen was never put to it to make up so whimsical a Quarrel before. Look you Gentlemen, says he, I don't retract; I'll grant you any thing but this. And pray where's the Affront? What wou'd he have me say? Does his not Writing well concern his Honour? What harm has my Opinion done him, that he shou'd resent it thus? A Man may be a very worthy Person I hope, tho' he's a scurvy Poet. This is not a Matter in which Honour is touch'd. I own he's in all Respects a fine Gentleman; He's a Man of Quality, of Merit, of Courage,  
what

what you will; — but a damn'd Writer. I'll commend his Equipage, if you please, his way of Living, his Riding, Fencing, Dancing; but to think I'll praise his Verse! — I'm his humble Servant. And when a Man has not the good Fortune to write better, he shou'd not suffer the least Inclination in himself to be Rhiming, though 'twere to save his Life. In short, all the Submission, to which he was with Difficulty prevail'd on to bend his stubborn Opinion, was to say, in a much softer Style, as he thought, — I'm sorry Sir, I'm so difficult, and in Respect to you, I shou'd have been glad with all my Soul if I cou'd have lik'd your Song better. So to put an End to it, they oblig'd 'em to shake Hands and drop the Prosecution.

*Eliau.* He's extremely Singular in his Manner. But I confess, 'tis what I can't but particularly value. And that Sincerity of Soul he prides himself in, has somewhat very Heroick. 'Tis an uncommon Virtue at present, and I wish one cou'd find it every where as well as in him.

*Phil.* For my Part, the more I see of him, the more I'm amaz'd at the Passion to which he abandons his Heart. I can't imagine, as Heav'n has form'd him, how 'tis possible he shou'd entertain a thought of Love; and much less how your Cousin shou'd be the Person of all the World to engage him.

E 4.

*Eliau.*

*Eliau.* 'Tis plain by this Instance, that Love is not always produc'd by a likeness of Humour; and all those Reasons for a tender Sympathy are here confuted.

*Phil.* But do you believe, by what appears, that she loves him?

*Eliau.* 'Tis a Matter not very easily known. How can one judge whether she really loves him or not? Her Heart it self is not certain of its own Sensations. She sometimes Loves, and does not know it; and at other times fancies she Loves, and is mistaken.

*Phil.* I doubt our Friend will meet with more Trouble with this Cousin of yours than he imagines: And to speak freely, if he were of my Mind, his Wishes wou'd be directed quite another Way; and we shou'd see him, Madam, by a juster Choice, take advantage of the Generosity you are pleas'd to discover for him.

*Eliau.* For my part, I'm not for Dissembling; and I think that in such Affairs, one ought to speak ingenuously. I don't oppose his present Passion, but on the contrary, am interested for it; and I declare, were it in my Power, I wou'd put him in Possession of the Object he loves. But if the Event of such a Choice, as 'tis not impossible, shou'd be otherwise, and he's Destin'd to make somebody else happy, I own I've no Aversion to his Addresses. And shou'd  
not



not like him the less for his having been refus'd by another.

*Phil.* And for my Part, Madam, I'm not for opposing that charming Generosity you express for him; and he himself can tell you, if he pleases, what I have said to him about it. But if by their joyning Hands, you shou'd be out of a Capacity of receiving his Addresses, it wou'd be my utmost Ambition to obtain the inestimable Favour you so obligingly present to him. And I shou'd be Happy, if, after he has had the Power to decline it, 'twere possible it might be plac'd upon me.

*Elian.* You're Merry, *Philintes*.

*Phil.* No Madam, I speak from my Soul. I only wait for an Opportunity of boldly offering my self, and am impatient for the happy Moment of accomplishing all my Wishes.

*Enter Alceste.*

*Alceft.* Ah Madam! do me Justice, I beseech you, for an Affront that has just now triumph'd over all my Constancy!

*Elian.* Why, what's the Matter Sir? What has discompos'd you?

*Alceft.* What 'tis Death to me to think of; and were the whole Frame of Nature dissolv'd, it wou'd not oppress me like this. 'Tis ended — my Love — I can't speak.

*Elian.*

*Elian.* Pray try to recover your Temper a little.

*Alcest.* Good Heav'ns! Must then the most odious Vices of the basest Souls be joyn'd to so many Charms?

*Elian.* But once again, who cou'd give you——

*Alcest.* Oh all's ruin'd — I'm lost, betray'd, assassinated—*Celimene*—— O cou'd it ever have been imagin'd? *Celimene* has betray'd me, *Celimene's* false!

*Elian.* Are you sure you have just Grounds for that Belief?

*Phil.* Perhaps 'tis a Suspicion lightly conceiv'd, and only a jealous Chimera that by fits possesses your Soul.

*Alcest.* 'S Death, Sir! meddle with your own Affairs—— I think 'tis Demonstration enough of her Infidelity, Madam, to have it in my Pocket here, under her own Hand; yes, Madam, a Letter writ to *Orontes*; *Orontes*! who I thought was her Aversion, and who of all my Rivals gave me the least Uneasiness.

*Phil.* A Letter may deceive, and is not always so culpable as one may fancy.

*Alcest.* Sir, once more, will you be pleas'd to leave me, and trouble your self with what belongs to you.

*Elian.* But you shou'd moderate your Transports, and the Violence——

*Alcest.*

*Alceft.* Madam, 'tis a Work for you; to you my Heart flies for Aid to free it self from this preſſing Grief. Help me to be reveng'd on your ungrateful and perfidious Couſin who has baſely abus'd ſo conſtant a Paſſion. Revenge me of an Injury, Madam, which ought to ſtrike you with Horror.

*Elian.* Revenge you? which Way?

*Alceft.* By receiving my Heart. Do you accept of it inſtead of the Traitors? 'Tis thus I'd be reveng'd of her. I'd puniſh her by the profound Love, the reſpectful Concern, the earneſt Devotion, and aſſiduous Service, which I will offer you as the moſt ardent Sacrifice of my Soul.

*Elian.* I can't but ſympathize with you, Sir, nor do I undervalue the Heart you offer me. But the Injury perhaps is not ſo great as you imagine; and 'tis poſſible you may forego this deſire of Revenge. When the Wrong is done by an Object full of Charms, 'tis common to form Deſigns with Violence, which are drop'd without Execution. It avails nothing to have the moſt powerful Reason for Parting; an Offender that's belov'd ſoon grows innocent. All the Harm that's wiſh'd her is eaſily diſpers'd; and we know very well what is the Anger of a Lover.

*Alceft.* No Madam, No — The Affront is Mortal, there's no returning, and I break off with her for ever. Nothing I'm ſure

sure can change my Design, and I shou'd do a Violence to my self to esteem her any more. Here she comes: My Rage is doubl'd at the sight of her. I'll confound her with the most stinging Reproach of her black Guilt; and then bring you a Heart, Madam, entirely disingag'd from her Perfidious Charms.

[*Exeunt Eliante and Philintes.*]

Enter *Celimene*.

*Alcest.* Good Heav'n! is it possible to Govern my Transports!

*Cel.* Save us! — what terrible Confusion has seiz'd you? And what's the meaning of these deep Sighs and dismal Looks at me?

*Alcest.* The Meaning? — that all the most horrid Crimes a Soul is capable of are not comparable to your Perfidiousness; That Fate, Fortune, and Devils, and the perversest Powers in a Fury, never produc'd a Creature half so wicked as you.

*Cel.* Tender things these! and which I can't but passionately admire.

*Alcest.* Ah — think not to make a Jest on't; 'Tis no time for Mirth: Rather be cover'd with Blushes — you've Reason I'm sure, since I have undoubted Proofs of your Treachery. See here the Event of my presaging Troubles! 'Twas not in vain my Love was alarm'd. By those frequent  
suspensions

suspicious which were thought so criminal, I only search'd for that Misfortune my Eyes have now seen. And, spite of all your Precaution and fine Address in Dissembling, my Genius still whisper'd me what I was to fear. But don't presume that I'll suffer my wrongs unreveng'd — No body, 'tis true, has the Command of their Wishes, and I'm sensible that Love will always be born Free, that there's no taking Possession of a Heart by force, but every Soul has a Privilege to choose its Conquerour; I had no Pretence to have complain'd therefore if you had treated me sincerely, and rejected my Vows at first; I cou'd have blam'd nothing but my Destiny. But to see my Passion sooth'd by a false Confession—'Tis base Deceit, 'tis Perfidiousness that can't be punish'd too severely, and I cou'd allow any Freedom to my Resentments. Yes, you ought to fear every thing, after such an Affront; I'm no longer in my own Power, I'm Distracted, you've Stabb'd me to the Heart with a Mortal Wound. I yield my Soul to the Transports of just Resentment, and what I may be hurry'd to do — I will not secure you.

*Cel.* But what's the Occasion, I beseech you, of these Tragedy-Airs? Have you lost your Senses?

*Alcest.*

*Alcest.* I've lost 'em indeed; Then, then I lost 'em, when first, to my Misfortune, I drew from the sight of you, the Poison by which I Die. When I flatter'd my self to have found any Sincerity in those treacherous Charms which enchanted my Soul.

*Cel.* What Treachery then have you to complain of?

*Alcest.* Heav'ns — That double Heart! how perfectly has it learn'd the skill of Deceiving! But, to drive it out of all its Holds — Look here — see what you have done — This Letter may suffice to fill you with the utmost Confusion, and is an Evidence that admits of no Reply.

*Cel.* Is it this then that disturbs you so?

*Alcest.* Can you see it, and not Blush?

*Cel.* Blush? for what?

*Alcest.* How! — Do you joyn Audaciousness to Deceit? Perhaps you'll disown it, because the Name is wanting.

*Cel.* Why shou'd I disown my Hand?

*Alcest.* Is it possible then you can behold it without being confounded with that Guilt against me which appears by the Contents?

*Cel.* As I'm serious, you're an unaccountable Man!

*Alcest.* What! you think to outbrave so glaring a Proof? Then this Testimony of your Affection for *Orontes* has nothing  
it

it seems that is injurious to me, or should give you Shame?

*Cel.* *Orontes*? — who told you the Letter is to him?

*Alceſt.* Those that put it into my Hands this very Day. But suppose it were to any body else, han't I the same Cause to complain, and wou'd you be less Criminal?

*Cel.* But suppose 'tis to a Woman? — how are you injur'd then, and what is there in it that's Criminal?

*Alceſt.* Admirably turn'd I must confess! this indeed, is a Stratagem I never expected, and I can't but be intirely convin'cd by it. But dare you have recourse to such gross Impostures? and can you think me so blind as to admit 'em? But come—let's see now with what Air you'll maintain so notorious a Falsity? Let's see how you'll turn all these Expressions of Flame and Passion to make 'em proper to a Woman? I wou'd fain hear how you'll hide your Perjur'd Faith, by adjusting what I'm going to read——

*Cel.* Excuse me Sir — I shan't think fit to give my self that trouble. You take upon you methinks very finely, and I wonder how you dare say this to my Face!

*Alceſt.* No but — without being Angry, pray will you take a little pains to justify to me these Expressions here—

*Cel.*

*Cel.* Indeed not I—— you may believe what you please, I'm very little concern'd what 'tis.

*Alcest.* But, I beg of you, do but shew me how this Letter cou'd be writ to a Woman, and I shall be Satisfy'd.

*Cel.* No, 'tis to *Orontes*; I'd have you think so. I receive all his Addresses with a World of Pleasure. I'm charm'd with his Discourse, I esteem his Character; and I'm ready to own whatever you please. Go, do as you think fit, let nothing stop you, Sir, and don't disturb me any more.

*Alcest.* Heav'n! Is it possible to imagine any thing more Cruel? Was ever Lover treated like me? Tho' I have the justest Cause in the World to be angry, and 'tis I that come to complain; yet the Quarrel's turn'd against me. My Uneasiness and Suspicions are work'd to the highest Pitch, I'm left to believe every thing; 'tis all made a Matter of Sport and Triumph; And yet—my Heart is so abject and foolish as not to be able to break its Chains, and Arm it self with a generous Disdain against so ungratefull an Object. Perfidious Woman! with what Skill can you turn my extreme Weakness upon my self, and take your Advantage of the excessive and fatal Passion those deceitfull Charms have inspir'd! But for Heav'n's sake, at least, clear your self from a Crime that overwhelms me;



me; and do not longer obstinately affect to appear Guilty. Convince me, if possible, that this Letter may be Innocent; my Fondness is ready to help make it out. Constrain your self then, but to Seem faithfull, and I'll constrain my self to believe you.

*Cel.* Go——your jealous Fits make you a Fool, and you don't deserve the Respect one has for you. What could force me, I'd fain know, to descend to the meanness of playing the Hypocrite for your sake? And, if my Heart were otherwise inclin'd, why shou'd I scruple to own it freely? What! you won't admit the obliging Assurance of my Sentiments, in my Defence against your unjust Suspensions? Are they of Weight against such a Proof? Is it not doing me the greatest Injury, to hearken to 'em? And when 'tis with the utmost Effort a Heart brings it self to confess it Loves, when the Honour of our Sex opposes such Confessions, and yet the Lover, in Regard to him, sees so great an Obstacle remov'd, ought he to doubt such an Oracle, and not be Punish'd? And is he excusable in not firmly believing what is never said but after the greatest Struggling and Difficultys imaginable? Away!——such Jealousies deserve my Anger, and you are not worthy of one's Concern. I'm a Fool, and do my self Wrong to retain any Regard for you. I ought to fix my Esteem

G

elsewere

elsewhere, and give you a real Cause to Complain.

*Alcest.* Ah Traytrefs! how well you know my Weakness! 'Tis strange I own, and I'm most certainly cheated with these tender Expressions; But, 'tis no matter, I must follow my Destiny; My Soul is abandon'd to you; I'm resolv'd to make the utmost Proof of your Heart, and see whether it can be so hellish as to betray me.

*Cel.* No — you don't Love me, as you ought to Love me.

*Alcest.* Not Love you! — Nothing is comparable to my superlative Passion; And in the Zeal it has to Signalize it self to all the World, it's even transported to form Wishes against you. Yes, I cou'd be content that nobody else shou'd think you unworthily, that you were reduc'd to some very miserable Condition, that Heav'n had bestow'd neither Birth, Dignity, nor Wealth on you; that so the generous Sacrifice of my Heart might repair all that Injustice of your Destiny; and I might now have the Pleasure and Glory to see you receive every thing from the Gift of my Love.

*Cel.* 'Tis to wish me well, after a very odd Manner. Pray Heav'n preserve me from affording you any Occasion —

*Enter*

*Enter Dubois, in a Riding Dress with a Portmanteau, Cloak, &c.*

*Alcest.* What means this Equipage, and frightfull Air?

*Dubois.* Oh Sir——

*Alcest.* Well.

*Dubois.* Strange things!

*Alcest.* What?

*Dubois.* Troth Matters go but scurvily with Us, Sir.

*Alcest.* As how?

*Dubois.* Shall I speak out Sir?

*Alcest.* Ay, and quickly.

*Dubois.* But is here No-body that——

*Alcest.* Trifling Rascal!—— will you speak?

*Dubois.* Sir, we must retreat.

*Alcest.* How retreat?

*Dubois.* Why, we must March off, without Bear of Drum, or Sound of Trumpet.

*Alcest.* For what?

*Dubois.* I say, we must leave this Place.

*Alcest.* The Reason?

*Dubois.* The Reason is, that we must be gone, Sir, without taking leave.

*Alcest.* But what dost thou mean by these Speeches?

*Dubois.* Mean? Sir; — that we must pack up our Awls, and so forth.

*Alceft.* Dog ! I fhall break that impertinent Pate, if you don't explain your felf better.

*Dubois.* Sir, there was a Man with black Cloaths, and a dark Countenance, came ftaring in as far as the Kitchin to leave us a Paper he brought, all fo befrawl'd, that he muft be a greater Conjuror than the Devil, that can read a Word in't. 'Tis about your Law-Suit, I dare fay ; But Belzebub himfelf wou'd be puzzl'd to unriddle it.

*Alceft.* Ha ! — How's this ? — But what has this Paper to do, Sirrah, with our Marching off ?

*Dubois.* Why Sir, you muft know, that an hour afterwards comes a Man that is often with you, and ask'd for you with all the earneftnefs in the World ; and finding you were not at home, charg'd me very foftly — (knowing, Sir, that I ferve you with the greateft Zeal), to tell you how that — Stay, his Name is —

*Alceft.* Let his Name alone, you Coxcomb, and fpeak quickly what he faid t' ye.

*Dubois.* What'd'e call him, Monsieur, — In fhort, one of your Friends. He told me that the Danger you are in requir'd you to withdraw, and that you were threaten'd to be taken up, —

*Alceft.* Did he tell you no Particulars ?

*Dubois.*

Dubois. No ; He ask'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and has writ somewhat to you, by which I suppose, you may find out the Bottom of this Myſtery.

Alceſt. Let's ſee it then.

Cel. What can be the Meaning of this ?

Alceſt. I don't know — but I long to be ſatisfy'd. Make haſte, you impertinent Coxcomb ! or I ſhall ſend you to the Devil.

Dubois. [*after having ſearch'd his Pockets.*] Od's Heart Sir ! I've left it on your Table.

Alceſt. I think I'm bewitch'd to forbear—

Cel. Don't be Angry ; but make what haſte you can to unravel this.

Alceſt. It ſeems as if Fortune had Sworn, in ſpight of all my Endeavours, to hinder me from any Converſation with you. But to triumph over this Misfortune, favour me with your Leave, Madam, to wait on you agen, before the Evening.

*The End of the Fourth ACT.*

**ACT. V.**

## A C T, V.

*Alcestes and Philintes.**Alcest.* I tell you 'tis my fix'd Resolution.*Phil.* But were it ever so severe  
a Blow, must you therefore be oblig'd—*Alcest.* You may spare your Labour, Sir ;  
'tis Reasoning to no purpose ; nothing can  
move me from what I've said. No ; 'tis  
too perverse an Age, and I'll withdraw  
from the detestable Commerce of Man-  
kind. What ! — when Honour, Probity,  
Reputation, the Laws, All at once are a-  
gainst my Adversary ; when the Integrity of  
my Cause is e'vry where Proclaim'd ; when  
my Soul has rested secure on the firm As-  
surance of my Right, — I'm betray'd  
by the Event. I've Justice o' my Side, yet  
must lose my Suit ; while a Rogue, whose  
Infamous History is every where known,  
goes off Triumphant in his black Villany.  
Truth is baff'd by Perjury, and he finds  
means to justify his cutting my Throat.  
His fawning Behaviour, thro' which the  
Knave is manifest, has force enough to  
subvert

subvert Property, and turn the Scale of Justice. He gets his Villany Crown'd by a Decree, and so far is he from contenting himself with the Wrong he has done me, that, to add to it, there's a detestable Book in Print, which 'tis unpardonable even to read, a Piece of Stuff, not to be Nam'd without the utmost Indignation; and yet the Rascal has the Impudence to father it upon me. *Orontes* whispers the Lye about too, and basely endeavours to support this Abuse; *Orontes*, that passes at Court for a Man of Honour, and to whom the only Injury I've ever done, is to have treated him with Sincerity and Frankness; Who thrust himself upon me with the most irresistible Importunity, and wou'd force from me my Opinion of his Verses; and, because I dealt honestly, and scorn'd to betray either him or the Truth, assists to load me with an invented Crime. He's grown the most implacable Enemy I have, and will never forgive my disliking his Song. And this now is the Complexion of Mankind! these are the Actions to which their highest sense of Glory excites 'em! Here see the Truth and Fidelity, the virtuous Zeal, the Justice and Honour that's to be found among 'em! In short, there's no bearing the continual Vexation. Therefore I'll be gone out of this Wilderness, this Scene of Rapine  
and

and Murder; and since I see, Men live together like Wolves and Tygers,---Traitors! farewell—you shall have my Company no longer!

*Phil.* With Submission, your Resolution is a little too hasty; nor is the Evil so great as you make it. Your Adversary's Allegation you see has not found Credit enough to bring you under an Arrest. His false Report destroys it self, and is an Action he may have cause dearly to repent.

*Alcest.* Who he! — The Infamy of such Practices never awes him; he's Licens'd to be a Rogue. And so far is this Adventure from hurting his Reputation, that you'll see him more triumphant than ever.

*Phil.* In short, 'tis plain that the Report he has maliciously spread against you has been but little regarded; So that you have nothing more to fear on that Side. And for your Cause, 'tis easie to try it over agen, and you may be reliev'd by bringing your——

*Alcest.* No, I'll stop here. Whate're I lose by this Decree, I won't allow my self even to wish it Revers'd. 'Tis too plain by this how barbarously Right is treated, and I'd have it remain to all Posterity as a notorious Example of the Villany of Mankind in our Age. 'Twill cost me indeed twenty Thousand Livres—But no matter—

For



For Twenty Thousand Livres I shall have a Right to Curse the profligate Wickedness of human Nature, and to nourish against it in my Breast immortal Hatred.

*Phil.* But in short——

*Alceft.* But in short, your Pains are thrown away. What can you say more to me, Sir, upon this? You won't have the Assurance to make Excuses to my Face for the dev'lish Vileness of all that's past?

*Phil.* No, — I grant you all you can desire. Every thing is carry'd on by Faction and base Interest. Nothing now-a-days prevails but Cunning; And Men ought to be of another Make. But is their want of Justice a Reason why we shou'd abandon all Society? No — These Faults in Life furnish us with Opportunities of exercising our Philosophy; 'Tis the noblest Employment it finds. And if Probity reign'd every where, if all Hearts were Frank, Just, and Tractable, for God's-sake what Use shou'd we have for the greatest Part of our Vertues? But when we add the Practice to the Power, and can with Temper endure another's Violation of our Rights, and that a Heart of the most establish'd Goodness——

*Alceft.* Sir, I know you're the compleatest Orator in the World, and that you perpetually abound in fine Reasonings; but all your Speeches are lost  
H
upon

upon me. Reason directs, that for my Welfare I shou'd retire; I han't Command enough of my Tongue; I don't know what I might be provok'd to say, and I shou'd bring upon my Hands a Thousand Quarrels. Therefore, without more Controversy, leave me to wait for *Celimene*; I must have her Consent to my Design; I shall see now if she really loves me, and this is the critical Opportunity that will convince me of the Truth.

*Phil.* Let's go to *Eliante*, and wait for her coming.

*Alcest.* No, I'm too full of Trouble. Go you to her, and leave me in this private Corner with my Melancholy.

*Phil.* 'Tis leaving you with very indifferent Company; I'll go and perswade *Eliante* to come to you. [Exit. *Phil.*]

[*Alcestes retires to a Corner of the Stage.*]

Enter *Celimene* and *Orontes*.

*Oront.* Yes Madam, You are to consider whether by such tender Engagements you'll make me entirely yours. I must have a positive and full Declaration. No Lover can bear to be held in suspense. In short, if the Ardour of my Flame has warm'd your Heart, you ought not to dissemble it; And, for a Proof, I only desire you'll no longer suffer *Alcestes's* Pretensions, but sacrifice

sacrifice him, Madam, to my Nobler Passion, and Banish him your Company from this very Day.

*Cel.* But what mighty Quarrel have you against him, Sir? You, whom I have heard speak so much in his Praise?

*Oront.* As for that, Madam — why — a — There's no Occasion, in short, for these Explanations; all the business is to know your Ladyship's Sentiments. Be pleas'd then to choose which of us you'll retain; My Resolution depends entirely on yours.

*Alceste* [*Shewing himself.*] The Gentleman is in the Right, Madam, 'tis fit You shou'd make your Choice, and his Demand agrees with my Wishes. I'm full of the same pressing Concern; my Passion wou'd have some undoubted Mark of yours. 'Tis certain that Affairs of this Nature ought not to be protracted, and this is the proper time to unfold your Heart.

*Oront.* Oh dear Sir! I wou'd by no means let the Importunity of my Passion disturb your Good Fortune.

*Alceste.* And I will by no means, jealous Sir, or not jealous, admit you to any Share in a Heart with me.

*Oront.* If she thinks your Love preferable to mine —

*Alceste.* If She's but capable of the least Thought in your Favour —

*L'Amor*

H 2

*Oront. I*

*Oront.* I vow I'll quit all Pretensions to Her.

*Alcest.* I swear solemnly I'll not see her more.

*Oront.* You are now to speak freely, Madam.

*Alcest.* You need not be afraid Madam, to explain your self.

*Oront.* You have nothing to do but to hint to us your Inclinations.

*Alcest.* You have nothing to do but to decide at once, and choose which of us you please.

*Oront.* Is it possible you shou'd seem in Pain about such a Choice?

*Alcest.* Is it possible you shou'd deliberate?

*Cel.* Good Heav'ns! How improper is this Importunity, and how much you're both in the Wrong! 'Tis not that I'm at a Loss which to choose; 'Tis not that my Heart deliberates, or is suspended between You; No — nothing is easier than to determine according to our Wishes. But to make such a Declaration before you, is too great a Violence to me; and why shou'd a Sentence, which cannot but disoblige, be pronounc'd to any Body's Face? a Heart may make sufficient Discovery of its Inclination, without an open Quarrel. And 'tis sufficient, after all, if the rejected Lover is inform'd

form'd by more gentle Evidences that his Cares are not likely to be successful.

*Orom.* No, I'm not afraid of a free Confession. And I give my Vote for it.

*Alceste.* And I demand it. Nay, 'tis what I have the Boldness to insist upon, more than any thing. And I don't desire to see any of your exquisite Address. I know your great Care is how to retain all the World; but no more Amusement I beseech you! 'Tis fit you shou'd declare very plainly, Madam, or I shall take your avoiding it to be a Decision; I shall know how to interpret your Silence, and will look upon all the worst I can imagine, to be as good as said to me.

*Orom.* I think you're much in the Right Sir, to be Warm on this Occasion. And I subscribe to what you've said.

*Cel.* Deliver me! — how Teasing you are with your Caprices! 'tis very unreasonable what you demand. Why — hant I told you what 'tis restrains me? I'll be judg'd by *Eliante* whether I'm not in the Right.

Enter *Eliante* and *Philantes*.

*Cel.* Wou'd you believe it, Cousin, I'm Persecuted here to Death, by two Gentlemen, whose Humours seem to have con-

spir'd to this very Purpose. Nothing will satisfy 'em both, but I must declare which of 'em I choose; and, by a Sentence pronounc'd to his Face, forbid the other any future Endeavours. Pray tell me, is this ever done?

*Elian.* For God's sake don't refer it to me, perhaps you consult the wrong Person; I'm for People that speak plainly their Thoughts.

*Oront.* 'Tis to no purpose, Madam, to decline it.

*Alcest.* Your Evasions here will be but ill seconded.

*Oront.* Nay you must, you must speak.

*Alcest.* No—you need but persist in your Silence.

*Oront.* I desire but one Word to end our Controversy.

*Alcest.* And I understand you without a Word.

[Enter *Acastes*, *Clitander*, *Arsinoe*, *Philintes*.]

*Acast.* Not to offend you, Madam, We are both come to unravel a certain small Affair with you.

*Clit.* You are here very luckily, Gentlemen, this Matter concerns you too.

*Arsin.* Madam, you may possibly be surpriz'd to see me here. But these Gentlemen

men are the Cause of my coming. They have both been making their Complaints to me of an Affair which I can very hardly believe, and I've too high an Opinion of you to imagine you capable of such a Crime. No, I could not suffer my Eyes to be convinc'd by their strongest Proofs; And therefore laying aside all petty Differences between Friends, I was willing to joyn Company with 'em, Madam, that I might have the Satisfaction of seeing how you'll clear your self of this Calumny.

*Acaf.* Yes Madam, Let's see now with what Composure of Soul you'll bear what follows — This Letter, I take it, you writ to *Clitander*.

*Clit.* And this tender Epistle, Madam, to *Acastes*.

*Acaf.* You'll find nothing here, Gentlemen, but what's very plain to be understood; And I don't doubt but her frequent Civility has long made you acquainted with her Hand. But this I assure you is particularly worth the hearing. [*reads.*]

*You're a strange Man, Clitander, to condemn my Mirth, and to reproach me, that I'm never so gay as when I'm not with you. Nothing can be a more unjust Charge. And if you don't immediately come and ask my Pardon, I'll not forgive you as long as I live. Our great Flemish Vicount—— 'Tis pity he's not here now—— Our great Flemish Vicount, with*

whom your Complaint begins, is a Man I've done with for ever, and since I once saw him for half an Hour together ingeniously spitting into the Basin of a Fountain to make Circles in the Water, I have not been able to entertain a tolerable Thought of him. As for the little Marquess that held me Yesterday so long by the Hand, —Meaning without Vanity, Gentlemen, your humble Servant—My Notion of him is, that there is not in Nature any thing so trivial as his whole Person and Character. And these are your People of that sort of Merit which consists in a Sword and Feather. Then for the grave Gentleman in green Ribbons.—

'Tis coming to you, Sir, [to Alceste] He serves to divert me sometimes with his Bluntness and humoursome Chagrin, but upon a thousand Occasions I think him the most troublesome creature in the World. And for Monsieur the Man of Sonnets---- Now for your Part [to Orontes] For Monsieur the Man of Sonnets, who sets up for a Wit, and will be an Author in spite of Nature and all the World, I can't for my Life give my self the Torture to hearken to a Word he says, and his Prose is as Nauseous to me as his Verse. Will you please to assure your self then, that I'm not always so wonderfully entertain'd as you imagine; That I find more to say to you than I cou'd wish, in every Company I'm drawn into; And that the Presence of People we love adds always a mighty Relish to our Pleasures.

Clitan. Now



*Clitan.* Now for me Gentlemen. [*Reads.*]  
[*To Acastes.*] Your Clitander, whom you  
speak of, and who affects so much the Gallant,  
is the last Man in the World I shou'd have a  
Friendship for. He's mad, in short, to dream  
that he is belov'd, and you to blame not to  
believe you are. Therefore to set you right in  
your Reason, change Sentiments with him, and  
see me as often as you can to support me under  
the Persecution he gives me.

A very fine Model this of a Character!  
And I need not tell your Ladyship what is  
the proper Name for it. We shall only do  
you the Justice, Madam, to go into all  
publick Places and expose to View this  
glorious Picture of your Heart.

*Acaf.* I might say something to you now,  
and here's Subject enough before me. But  
the Deuce take me if I think you worth  
my Anger. And I shall let you see I gad,  
that the little Marquesses, for their Con-  
solation, have Hearts of a much higher  
Price.

*Oront.* What! Is this my Usage then  
after all you have Writ to me? Has your  
Heart, in the false Dress of pretended Love,  
made a Practice of promising it self by  
Turns to all Mankind? Go—as great a  
Bubble as I've been, I am now such no  
longer; You have done me one Favour  
at least; in teaching me to know you. I'm  
a gainer by it of a Heart which you thus  
restore

restore me, and shall find my Revenge, Madam, in your Loss—[to Alceſt.] Sir, I have no more Objections to your Paſſion, I aſſure you, and you may conclude with the Lady as ſoon as you pleaſe.

*Arſin.* Well ! this is abſolutely one of the moſt barbarous Actions in the World—I am ſhock'd at it, and can't forbear ſpeaking. Was ever any Proceeding like your Ladyſhip's ! As for the Croud of your Pretenders, I don't concern my ſelf—But for This Gentleman, that had fix'd your Happyness ! A Man of His Honour and Merit ! and one who was ſend of you to Idolatry—was he a Man to be——

*Alceſt.* Pray will you leave me, Madam, to manage my own Interests, and don't take upon your ſelf a needleſs Trouble. Your engaging in my Quarrel will be to no Purpoſe, I'm not in a Capacity of making a Return to your great Zeal. And you are not the Perſon I cou'd think of, if I ſhou'd deſire to revenge my ſelf by another Choice.

*Arſin.* Alas ! Sir. Do you imagine We cou'd entertain ſuch a Thought, or that any body is in ſuch deſperate Fits to have you ? No, you're exceſſively Vain, if you flatter your ſelf with any ſuch Belief. This Lady's Refuſe is choiſe Ware indeed to ſet one's Heart upon ! Undeceive your ſelf pray, and learn to be ſome what leſs haughty.  
People

People of my Rank are not for such as You. You'll do well Sir, to Languish still for your Mistress here, and I shall long to see so delicious a Match. *[Exit.]*

*Alceft.* Well — Thus far I have been silent, in spite of all I have seen and heard; and I've given every body leave to speak before me. Is it sufficient, Madam? — Have I govern'd my self long enough, and may I now —

*Cel.* Yes, you may, Sir, you may say every thing in the World. You have Cause to complain, and to reproach me, as much as you please. I have been to blame, and in my Confusion will not offer to make any frivolous Excuses. Tho' I despise the Anger of the other Gentlemen, to you I plead Guilty. Your Resentment no doubt is reasonable, and I know how Criminal must needs appear to you; I know that every thing speaks me unfaithfull; and that in short, you have abundant Reason to hate me; — Hate me therefore — I give my consent to it.

*Alceft.* Can I then, Traytreß, can I at once get the Victory over all my Tender-ness? And tho I shou'd ever so firmly resolve to hate you — Have I a Heart, alas! that will obey me? *[to Eliante and Philintes.]* You see here the strange Effect of an usurping and unworthy Passion; I make you both Witnesses of my Weakness. But, to tell

tell you the Truth, this is not all ; I'll carry it to the utmost Extreme, and convince you with how little Reason we are call'd Wife, and that in all Hearts there's still too much of Man. Yes, perfidious Woman! I'm willing to forget your Crimes, and cover 'em under the Name of a Frailty into which your Youth has been betray'd by the Vice of the Times—Provided you'll heartily joyn with me in a Design I have form'd to abandon all Mankind ; and now resolve to follow me to my Desert, where I've Sworn to pass in Solitude the Rest of my Life. This is the only way by which you can efface the Guilt of your Letters. And by which, after a Discovery, which ought to raise Abhorrence in a Noble Heart, I can justify my self in persevering to love you.

*Cel.* My Stars!—what! renounce the World before I'm grown Old? And go bury my self alive in a Desert?

*Alcest.* Why, if your Flame is equal to mine, what signifies all the Rest of the World to you? Are not your Wishes satisfy'd in me?

*Cel.* But Solitude at Twenty, is a most frightfull Thing. I have not a Soul heroick enough to engage in any such Resolution. If the giving you my Hand wou'd content you, Sir, I cou'd possibly yield to that, and——

*Alcest.* No——

*Alcest.* No——— Now I detest you. And this Refusal has contributed more to my Cure than all besides. Since your Heart is not so United to mine, as to be able to find all in me, as well as I in you, Go—— I reject you, as becomes me; and this stabbing Affront has for ever freed me from your Tyranny. [Exit Celimene.]

*Alcest.* [to *Eliante.*] Your Beauty, Madam, is adorn'd by a Thousand noble Vertues, and in you alone I have found Sincerity. I have long had a just Esteem for you; but let me always esteem you as I have, without presuming to offer a Heart, distracted with various Troubles, to the Honour of wearing your Chains. I am sensible I'm unworthy of it, and I begin to know at last that Heav'n has not form'd me for any such Alliance; That it wou'd be too mean a Homage to present you the Refuse of a Heart not worthy of your accepting, and that in short——

*Eliant.* You may pursue that Thought. I am not at a Loss about bestowing my Hand, and here's your Friend, I dare say, without troubling my self further, wou'd not be averse to accepting it.

*Phil.* That Honour, Madam, comprehends the whole of my Ambition, and I shou'd think my Life but a cheap Sacrifice to the Hopes of obtaining it.

*Alcest.* May

*Alceft.* May you both then live to taste the trueft Felicity, in retaining for ever the fame Value of each other. While I, betray'd on every fide, and cover'd with Injuries, retire from a Scene where Vice is Triumphant, and go feek fome remote Corner of the Earth; where one may enjoy the Liberty of being Honeft.

[*Exit.*

*Phil.* Come, Madam, let's follow him, and ufe all our Endeavours to divert him from his Design.

**THE END.**

# ADVERTISEMENT.

BY THE

## BOOKSELLERS.

Prefix'd to Number I. of the Monthly Amusement. Which contain'd the Novel of the *Little Gypsy*, done from the *Spanish* of *Cervantes* by Mr. *J. Ozell*.

According to the Title, 'tis design'd to publish every Month a Novel or a Play, and sometimes both together, selected from the most valuable *Spanish, French, and Italian* Writers. The Translations will be done by several of the best Hands. All the Novels of *CERVANTES*, and the best Comedies of *MOLIERE*, will lead the Van in this intended Collection. It shall be no less our Care, than it must be our great Expence, to make this Design as compleat as we can, by engaging such Persons in it as are esteem'd to have a good Taste and Syle. If the Publick rellish an Entertainment of this kind, we can furnish Plenty; if not, 'twill be to no Purpose to importune them: In either Case, whether we go far or short in this Design, the Buyers of what we shall have Encouragement to publish, will suffer no Disappointment; because every Piece will be an intire Work of it self.

If any Gentleman or Lady, shall be pleas'd to advise or contribute to the Improvement of this Design, they may direct their Letters to our Shops, and have such their Favours thankfully acknowledg'd in the Manner they shall chuse.